

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,687.—VOL. LXV.
Registered as a Newspaper

EDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1902

WITH EXTRA EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT
"Holy Week at Jerusalem"

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.



The University Boat Race was rowed last Saturday morning on the usual course from Putney to Mortlake. Cambridge won the toss for the choice of position, and very soon took the lead, which they kept throughout, winning in the easiest fashion by five lengths in 19min. 22sec. At Chiswick Church Cambridge were leading by three lengths.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE: PASSING CHISWICK CHURCH

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.L.

Topics of the Week

About Alliances

THE meeting of Count Von Buelow and Signor Prinetti at Milan last Monday was no doubt connected with the negotiations for the renewal of the Triple Alliance. The results of this meeting will be watched with interest—perhaps, even with a little anxiety. Since Italy first became a member of the Triplice, her international situation has completely changed. The motive which induced her to seek the support of Germany and Austria—the fear of France—has altogether passed away. Her acceptance of the *fait accompli* in Tunis, her commercial treaty with France, and finally the understanding with regard to Tripoli, negotiated a few weeks ago, have rendered it no longer indispensable for her to associate herself with the Central European League. But this is not all. The force of attraction between Italy and her allies has not only disappeared, but its place has been taken by very distinct elements of positive alienation. Of these the most serious are the new Tariff contemplated in Germany, and the activity of Austria in the direction of Albania. If Italy agrees to renew the treaty of alliance we may be certain that on these points she will require very solid guarantees. In regard to Albania there will, perhaps, not be much difficulty unless, of course, Italy makes a point of objecting to the new scheme for a railway from Serajevo to Mitrovitz, out the tariff question is on quite a different footing. So far as can be seen at present, the requirements of Italy are utterly irreconcilable with the policy which the German Agrarians have forced on Count von Buelow. Here is what, to all appearances, is an *impasse*, and it will be interesting to watch how the statesmanship of the Wilhelmstrasse will deal with it. Meanwhile the Dual Alliance has taken a very remarkable step, which is, perhaps, not altogether unconnected with the embarrassments of its rival. The Franco-Russian Note in regard to China is a formal notification of the extension of the Duplice to the Colonial domain. At first sight it seems a somewhat hazardous experiment, but in reality it is nothing of the kind. In the present condition of the Triple Alliance there is very little likelihood of France and Russia being confronted at the same time by the Triple Alliance in Europe and the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in Asia. On the contrary it is far more probable that in any conflict with the Anglo-Japanese Alliance France and Russia would be able to count on the benevolent neutrality of Germany and her allies. The most important question which the Franco-Russian declaration raises is as to the exact scope of the new colonial development of the Duplice. It can scarcely be limited to Eastern Asia, for in that case France will have made a very bad bargain for herself. And if it is not so limited where does it stop? Are we to understand that in the event of another Fashoda Russia would range herself openly on the side of France?

The Colonies and the Navy

MR. SEDDON, the indefatigable Premier of New Zealand, has been making a speech on the important question of Colonial contributions to Imperial defence. As might be expected of so sound an Imperialist, Mr. Seddon recognises the importance of the Colonies doing more towards the work of common defence than they have yet done. It cannot, however, be said that he yet appears to realise fully how great is the leeway which the Colonies have to make up. He suggests that New Zealand should raise a reserve force of men for the Army. This might be very useful in time of war, but few people in England will be able to discover the justice of Mr. Seddon's further suggestion that part of the cost of this New Zealand force should be paid for by the Imperial Exchequer. Mr. Seddon apparently forgets that what is called the Imperial Exchequer is an exchequer to which only one part of the Empire contributes, namely, the United Kingdom. It might, indeed, save many misunderstandings if we got out of the way of speaking of the Imperial Exchequer and described this useful milch cow by her proper name, the National Exchequer. It is, however, more easy to test the value of Mr. Seddon's proposals by examining what he says on the subject of the Navy. At present, New Zealand contributes 21,000*l.* to the Australasian squadron, and it is satisfactory to find that no one in the Colony objects to this payment. But if New Zealanders were to contribute to Naval defence at the same rate as the taxpayers of the United Kingdom, they would pay not 21,000*l.*, but something like 600,000*l.* a year. There is, unfortunately, no evidence that either in New Zealand or in any of the other Colonies is public opinion yet prepared to make any such contribution as this. Mr. Seddon does not even suggest it. All he proposes is that the Australasian special squadron should be increased, and he expresses his willingness that New Zealand should contribute to this purpose on a

population basis—a phrase which obviously only applies to the population of the other Australasian Colonies. Indeed, he is careful to point out that the whole duty of the Australasian squadron is to defend the coasts and commerce of Australia and New Zealand; the general naval defence of the Pacific is provided for by the British and Japanese navies. It is obvious, then, that even such an advanced Colonial politician as Mr. Seddon is not yet prepared to suggest that the Colonies should bear an equal share with the Mother Country in the burdens of Empire.

The Consular Service

IT is the Nemesis attending Imperial expansion, that, as in other businesses, working expenses grow in proportion to development. For a considerable time, the United Kingdom shirked recognition of that unpleasant fact, and suffered the Navy and Army to make pretence of being equal to larger and still larger responsibilities. Fortunately, no foreign Power took advantage of this apathy, but at last the scandal became so obvious in the case of the Navy, that the nation arose as one man, and insisted on such augmentation of fighting strength as would insure the maintenance of our maritime supremacy. The South African campaign has accomplished the same valuable purpose for the Army, by convincing the public mind that his Majesty's land forces are no longer able to cope with the constantly growing sphere of duty entrusted to them. It may be safely assumed, therefore, that after the war ends, both the Regulars and the Auxiliaries will be permanently placed on a much more efficient footing. But there is a third service, the Consular, which remains inadequately manned for the discharge of its multifarious duties. Its prime function, over and above its commercial and diplomatic functions, is to act as the eyes and ears of the Foreign Office in all parts of the world outside the British Empire. But how impossible of accomplishment that task is, was shown the other day when Lord Cranborne had to admit that the Government knew nothing about the rebellion in Southern China, beyond some scrappy information forwarded by the Kwangsi authorities to our acting Consul at Canton, and by him transmitted to our Minister at Peking. As Kwangsi is continuous with French Indo-China, it is obviously of the highest importance that Downing Street should be represented there by some British official, as purveyor of trustworthy intelligence at critical times. But this is only one instance among the many which might be cited to demonstrate the urgent need for applying the same processes of strengthening to the Consular service as have had such excellent effect in the cases of the Navy and the Army.

Village Industries

LADY WARWICK hits upon a most happy and beneficent idea when convening a conference at Warwick Castle to consider the whole question of village industries. In many parts of the Kingdom, little feminine handicrafts which used to fatten the lean earnings of farm labourers, have either died out entirely or are now in a moribund condition. It is not that public patronage was ever really lacking, but owing to the absence of any organisation, a good deal of uncertainty about market prices was felt among the younger women and girls. The latter, too, had to give up a good deal of the time devoted by their mothers to lace making, as a sacrifice to the elementary education code, while by the time their schooling was finished, they had waxed too proud to condescend to the humble pillow. Lady Warwick will, it is to be feared, find this foolish conceit the worst obstacle to the realisation of her scheme. The best way would be, if it were practicable, to resuscitate the old scorn of the young farm hand for any girl, however bedizened, who could not render help to a husband in providing for family wants. Unfortunately, the young villager is as apt to be attracted by gaudy graces as any townsman, and Lady Warwick will have need of all her cleverness to draw away the foolish moth from the guttering candle. All the same, we heartily wish all possible success to the coming conference, and trust that it may help to make financial affairs smoother in the hamlets on whose well-being the physical quality of future British manhood so largely depends.

"FOUL FOOTBALL: A PLEA FOR SEVERER PENALTIES,"

By a Blue and a Corinthian,
and an Illustrated Article on

"HOW PINS ARE MADE,"

are among the interesting features of this Week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

IT is sincerely to be hoped we are within measurable distance of the disestablishment of the bust. The bust as a medium for portraiture has held its own from time immemorial. Why it has done so is difficult to understand. Who invented it, and why it became popular it is impossible to say. A life-size marble bust of anyone that you ever had the least liking or respect for, is the most dismal memento you could ever possess. It is cold, heavy and cumbersome. There is a death-like aspect about the white marble and the vacant eyes, while the conventional costume invites derision. Why an English gentleman, who usually wears a tie and a shirt-collar, should be represented with a bare throat and a shabby fragment of a Roman toga thrown over his shoulders no one can tell you. Again, how absurd it is that these busts should be cut off just below the shoulders, and should eventually dwindle down to a polished circular stand occupying about the place of the diaphragm of the original. Besides this, if you suffer from many life-sized busts they take up a great deal of room in a moderate-sized house, and you do not know what to do with them, unless you follow the example of a friend of mine, and put up a row of busts in your hall and use them for hat stands. Let us hope the recent exhibition at the Fine Art Society of sculpture of reasonable dimensions will give a final blow to the bust. The full-length statuette is infinitely better for the purposes of portraiture. If you doubt this, compare the bust of Thackeray with the statuette. In the first you get a solemn, massive, somewhat awesome presentment—in the second you behold the man himself.

Is there not some regulation to the effect that all sweeping and cleaning the pavement in the front of shops should be completed before nine o'clock in the morning? The reason I ask is because I was passing along a popular thoroughfare about eleven, and there was a boy very busy with a bucket and a broom washing down the footway in front of a shop. I never saw anything like the energy of this boy. He soused the flags with bucket after bucket, and he energetically broomed them as if his life depended on the operation. He splashed the passers-by, he flung water over them, he tripped them up with his broom, and he went steadily on with his work, taking no notice whatever of their objurgations. Now, all this was very praiseworthy, but I hold that he ought to have completed his operations by nine o'clock, and if there is such a regulation as I imagine to be in existence, it ought to be put in force. It is rather too bad when, on a nice fine morning, you expect to be walking on a dry pavement to find yourself wading in a trout-stream.

The recent sale of the White Horse, at Ipswich, reminds me of a visit I paid to the famous hostelry some years ago. I cannot call to mind any inn with which I am acquainted—and I have known a good many in my time—where it was so difficult to find your way about, by reason of the many staircases and the numerous old-fashioned passages. I have no doubt if you remained in the comfortable old house for a month you would become familiar with its various turnings, landings and lodges, but to a casual and sober visitor it was somewhat puzzling. I am not the least surprised at Mr. Pickwick losing his bedroom and annexing the one belonging to somebody else, because I think the great philosopher, with his frequent glasses of brandy and water, not infrequently retired to rest somewhat mellow and oblivious. I can recall, on the occasion of my visit to the White Horse, I was taken up various staircases and along mysterious passages to see the Pickwick Room, and my first impression was that the furniture was of a somewhat post-Pickwickian period. I was assured by the courteous chambermaid that this was the veritable chamber occupied by the philosopher. "You don't recollect him, I suppose?" I said to my guide. "Oh, no, sir," she replied, "it was before I came here. But I've heard tell of him." "Ah! a nice genial gentleman, I suppose, he was?" said I. "Yes, so they say, sir," she answered. "And where," I asked, "is Mr. Peter Magnus's room?" This was a poser, for she had probably never been asked the question before, but she was equal to the occasion, and said "Oh, that isn't here, sir. It's right the other side of the house. You'd better ask Boots when you get downstairs." It is needless to say I did not prosecute my inquiries any further.

It appears, in spite of all protests from lovers of the Thames, the old white bridge at Pangbourne is to be sacrificed. I understand at the present moment they are hard at work demolishing it, and even those who are early afloat on the river this season will see it no more. In its place they will probably behold some hideous iron contrivance of the lattice-girder description. This will doubtless detract not a little from the quaint charm of picturesque Pangbourne. I am afraid, however, that charm has been on the wane for some time. The first blow to the old-fashioned simplicity of the spot was the building of a number of little villas on the Shooter's Hill side of the river above the lock. Then came the widening of the railway, and the erection of many small houses around the village gave the place a suburban flavour. Anyway, it is utterly changed since I first knew it. And so are most of the places on the river. If you want to enjoy the old Thames life—as it was when I was a boy—you will, I fancy, be unable to do so unless you go above Oxford.

The special disadvantage of the steam-motor is its noiselessness. You know without looking that a railway train, a tram-car, an omnibus, a carriage or a hansom is approaching, but you know nothing of the steam-motor till you hear its warning "Toot-toot," and then it is often too late to get out of the way. Surely some plan might be devised so as to convey a perpetual warning of the advent of the steam-motor. It is scarcely fair to allow it the privilege of taking the foot-passengers unawares as it generally does.

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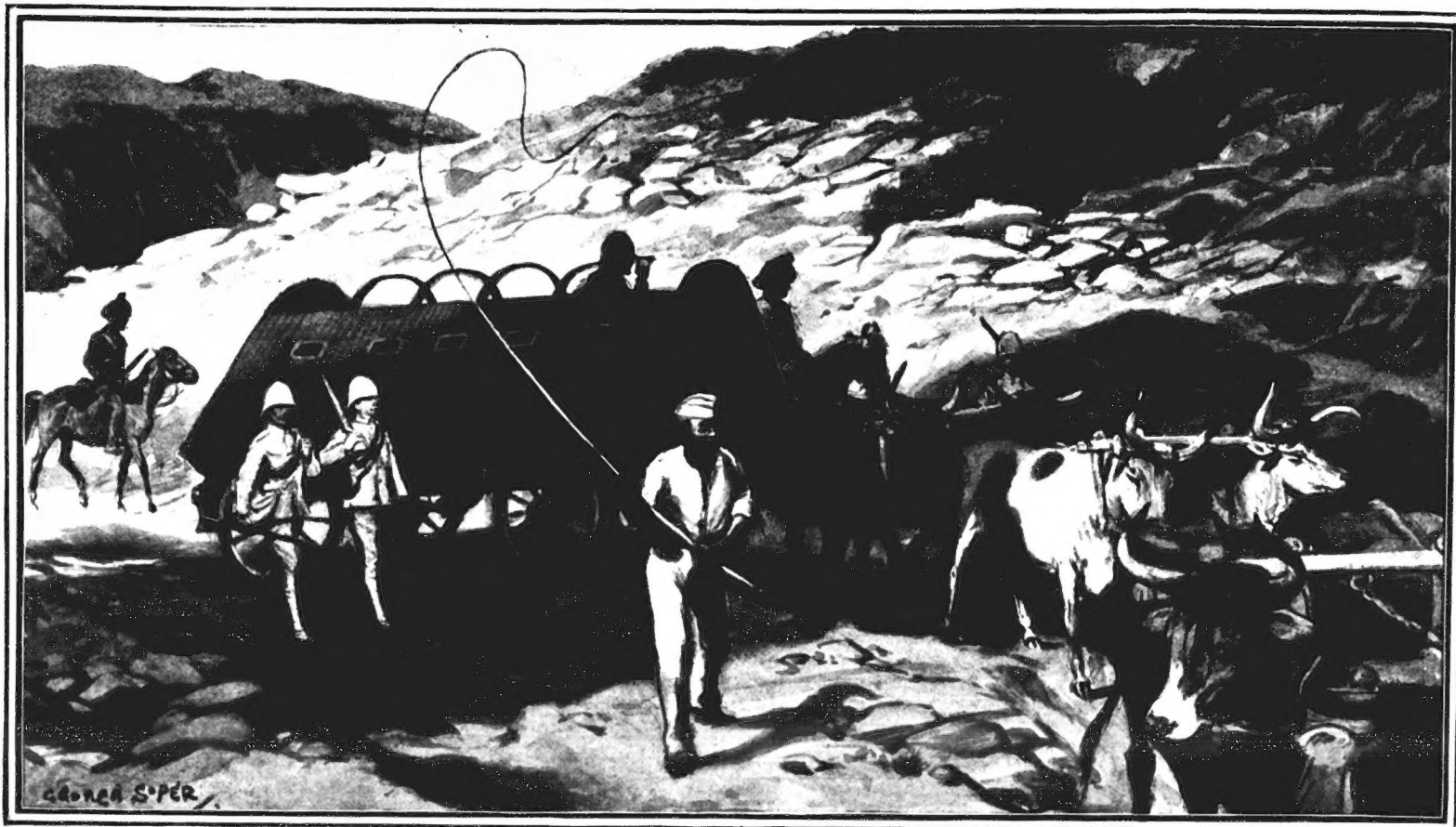
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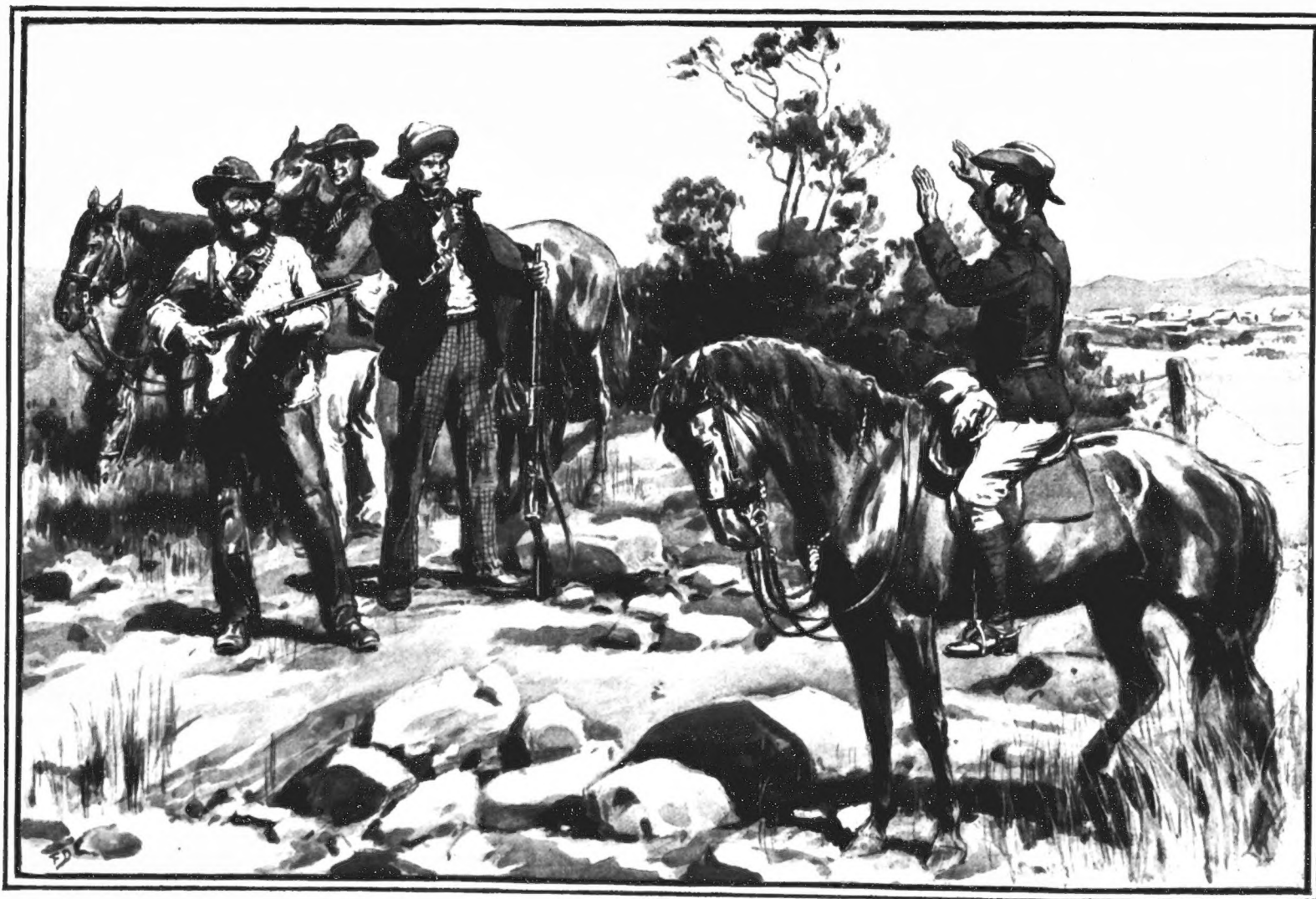


DRAWN BY G. SOPER

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT W. M. GRIFFITH

Armoured trains have long been in use, but an armoured ox-waggon is quite a new thing. As the Boers have next to no artillery, the loop-holed covering to the waggons affords ample protection against the rifle shots of the enemy when a convoy is attacked.

FOR THE PROTECTION OF CONVOYS: THE LATEST MILITARY IDEA IN SOUTH AFRICA



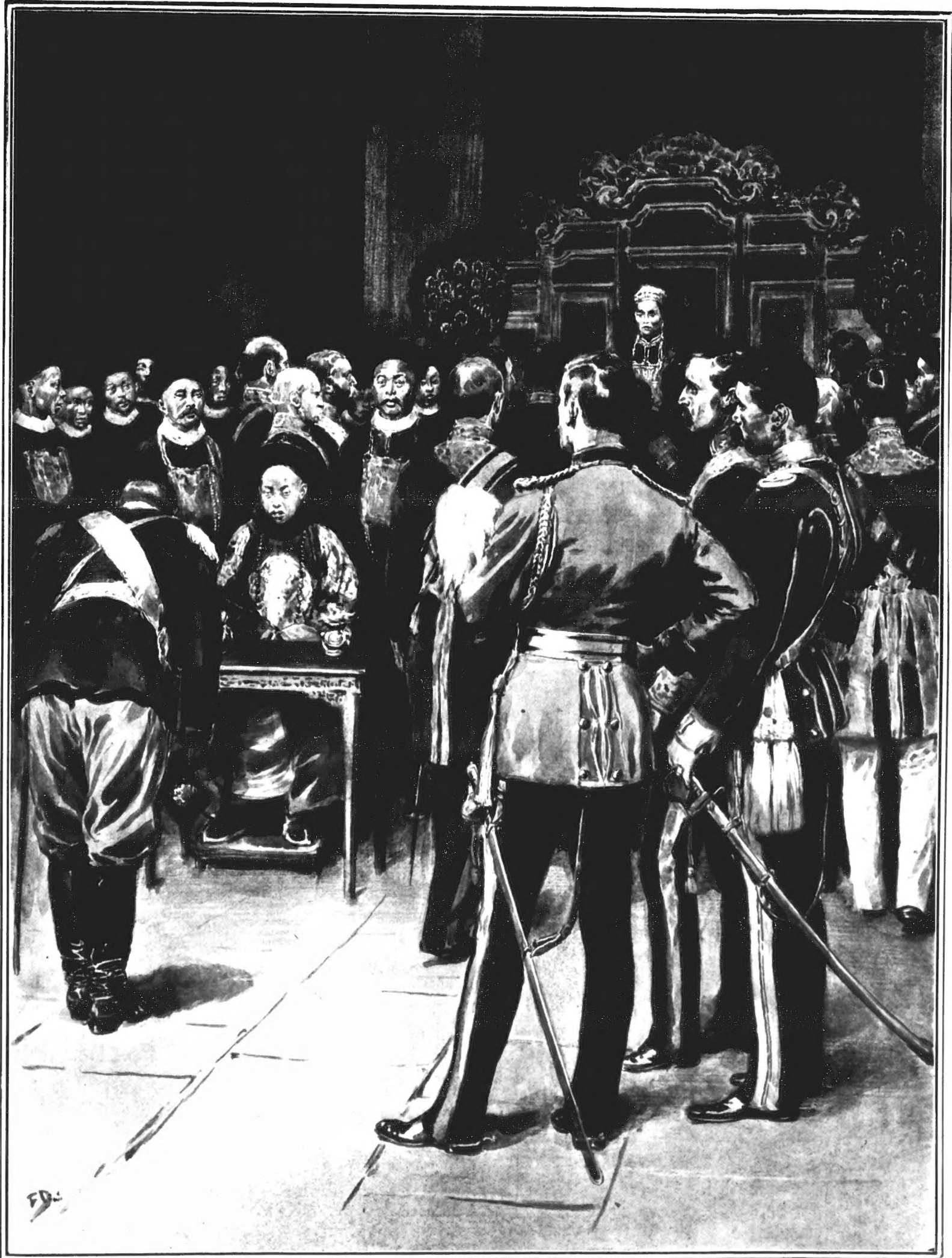
DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY F. J. MACKENZIE

A correspondent writes:—"It was reported that three Boers had been seen a mile from Koffyfontein, and a Lieutenant of the Town Guard, surmising that they wished to surrender, went out to bring them in. On getting within a few yards of the spot where the Boers had been seen, he found that the boot was on the

other leg, for he was suddenly addressed with the shout of "Hands up!" Resistance was useless, and the unfortunate officer was obliged to part with his boots, his money and his leggings. He was then released, and returned to the town a poorer but a wiser man."

"HANDS UP!": A "REGRETTABLE INCIDENT" AT KOFFYFONTEIN



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

At the reception of the foreign Ministers on January 28 the Dowager-Empress occupied the throne in the main audience chamber, while the Emperor sat behind a table on a low dais before the throne. The fiction of recognising the Emperor as the Sovereign was maintained, but the Dowager-Empress was the personage of chief interest and importance. The *doyen* of the Diplomatic Body, Baron Cakann von

Wahlborn, the Austrian Minister, delivered an address, in which he referred to the troubles which had compelled the Court to remove to the West. The Emperor briefly replied. This was the second audience given by the Dowager-Empress, the first being to Prince Henry of Prussia.

THE RETURN OF THE CHINESE COURT TO PEKING: RECEPTION OF FOREIGN MINISTERS IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE idea of the King's dinner to the poor of London is assuming a practical shape, and the magnificence of the generous gift will strengthen the hold His Majesty has already on the hearts of his people. It is most desirable to bring a little sunshine into the lives of the struggling poor, and to enable them to share in the brilliant festivities for which the rich are preparing. There is such a dull level of poverty in our great towns that an occasion like this will form a bright memory to which people can look back years hence, dating their recollections from the time of the King's dinner. Public rejoicings have always formed a part of Coronation festivities. We read in history of oxen being roasted whole in the streets and rivers of wine running freely, but these proceedings led to a good deal of disorder, brawling, and drunkenness, whereas a well-appointed dinner, given as suggested, in the park, with every provision for comfort and order, will afford real pleasure both to the recipients and to the army of willing volunteers who are cheerfully offering their services. Beer, tea, coffee, tobacco, and other adjuncts, will, if permitted, be supplied by other generous donors.

The Cookery Exhibition at the Albert Hall, held last week, offers food for thought to women. Here one saw the most delicate of palatable dishes served in cleanly and appetising fashion; here one realised the good work the National School of Cookery is doing; here one could wander from table to table with mouth watering at the apotheosis of a glutton's dream. Dishes artistic in the extreme, prepared by skilful chefs and ingenious ladies, met one at every turn, some beautiful or fanciful in design, all showing the greatest care in manipulation, and yet—is our domestic cookery any the better? Thanks to the restaurants, are not our private cooks worse than ever? Where can one find *cordons-bleus* who are at all scientific in their treatment of food, who neither burn, nor under-roast, who can send up well-flavoured, clear soup, and bread sauce that is not lumpy? Decorative cookery is no doubt an admirable thing, but that is not what the average woman needs. What her soul gasps for and rarely finds is the simple, palatable cookery which one found formerly in old-fashioned houses, where the roasts, the boiled meats, the fish, the puddings were indeed a joy to the palate. The tasty pudding, the beefsteak and onions, the broiled chicken and mushrooms, the bread-crumbed cutlets, were excellent of their sort, served hot and savoury by the hands of a willing cook who loved her profession.

Easter is upon us, and everyone who can seizes this opportunity of going out of town. People run for the country by fits and starts. They read about the country, but how few care to live there or know anything, personally, of country pursuits and country objects? A bird to a townsman means something to shoot, a rural road means a place to bowl along in a motor-car at a terrific speed, a river means an orgy of singing and shouting people perspiring in a closely packed crowd on a steam-launch, a country house means a place to entertain a party and play "bridge" in. The sweet influences of the country felt by the poets, by Shakespeare, by Milton, by Tennyson, the quiet, the peace, the supreme emotions of the soul looking up to something infinite, the homely sights and sounds—these are lost upon us now.

And what is the result? What has come of the great exodus of the people from the country to the town, of the distaste of lads for the land, of girls for the dairy, the poultry and bee-keeping, the butter-making, all the pure and wholesome domestic occupations of their mothers? Lord Grey tells us. He says that the national physique is deteriorating; that "in some of our towns the sunless air is so bitter with acid and so heavy with smoke that even the trees and the hedges cannot grow." Men and women perish also. Children are rickety and weak, girls are anemic



A TOMB OF A NATIVE CHIEF



ANOTHER TOMB OF A NATIVE CHIEF

(every mother knows how often maidservants suffer from this ailment), men are stunted, women pale-faced and weary. And this because they have forsaken the clean, pure air of the country for the fetid atmosphere of the town.

Our surplus women can find happiness and prosperity in emigration. This thesis was developed at the meeting of the British Women's Emigration Association, held at Lord Salisbury's house last week. Already this Association has established hostels and employment bureaux at Johannesburg, Cape Town, and elsewhere.

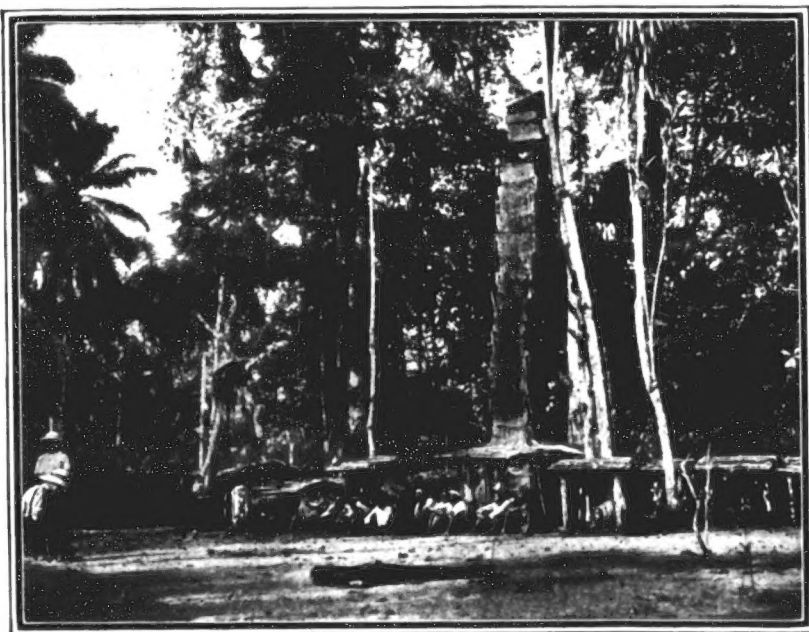
The market price of the cabbage in that favoured climate exceeds that of the pineapple. Farming and gardening afford illimitable opportunities, and an active, intelligent, handy woman finds not only an outlet for her energies, but the chance of a comfortable home and the affection of a husband, for the young men colonists who have prospered eagerly grasp at the chance of getting good wives.

An interesting performance will be that of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, played entirely by distinguished amateurs on May 8 at the Lyric Theatre. The proceeds of the entertainment, which is under the patronage of the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Ancaster, Lady Iddesleigh and other great ladies will be given to that excellent charity the "National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children." Only recently the papers have been full of sad cases of cruelty and neglect shown to their little ones by heartless parents, and the cry of the children is one that no humane and Christian nation can afford to neglect. A full house may, therefore, confidently be anticipated.

Old-fashioned people regret that conversation has died out, but whether their assumption be right or wrong, there is nothing to be said for the chatter that has taken its place. The discussion of medical symptoms was considered indelicate by our ancestors, and, certainly, disease and unpleasant symptoms are the last subject suitable to a dinner-party of mixed guests. Yet, indigestion, rheumatism, neuritis, influenza, and appendicitis are the unsavoury topics discussed by girls and young men at the present day. However full of sympathy we may be, it is not pleasant to listen to medical disquisitions, or the necessary foods for the fat.

The Aro Expedition

READERS of THE GRAPHIC will remember that in our issue of March 1 we published a number of illustrations in connection with the Aro Expedition in the south-eastern corner of Southern Nigeria. This week we are enabled to publish some additional photographs sent us by an officer with the expedition. Aro Chuku, the principal town of the tribe, was captured by Major W. C. G. Heneker, and afterwards Colonel Festing concentrated his force there. The place was found to have been fortified by the Aros, the trenches being well made. One of the illustrations shows the troops engaged in making the place a stronghold. Roads have been made round it, and a garrison left to guard the fort so that it will not be again used against us. The Aro power has been broken and a proclamation has been issued to the tribesmen setting forth that fact, and demanding that all cap guns and sniders should be given up. The proclamation also required that roads were to be made between the villages, and to be open free for all to pass free of blackmail; that there was to be no more slavery and no more human sacrifices, and that a certain body called the Egbo Club should cease to exist as an institution, since it was a power for mischief. In one village, after the inhabitants had solemnly declared that they had no firearms, as many as seventy-three rifles were discovered. Two of the photographs are particularly curious, showing, as they do, tombs of Aro chiefs. If a chief or a man of importance among the Aros dies, the tribesmen erect a large hut-like building of considerable height, with thatched sides and back, and they cover the front with gaudy-coloured cloth. The actual tomb is inside the hut, and the front of the building is adorned with earthenware pots, empty gin bottles and painted sticks. At the entrance of some of these tombs is an idol, put there to protect the dead chief. Great credit is due to Colonel Montenegro, who was put in command of the expedition, to Colonel Festing, Major Mackenzie and Major Heneker that the object of the expedition has been so rapidly accomplished. The troops employed were none of them Europeans, but all blacks belonging to the West African Field Force, who, thanks to the admirable training they have received, are first-rate soldiers.



VILLAGERS LISTENING TO THE BRITISH PROCLAMATION



BUILDING THE FORT AT ARO CHUKU

NOTES ON THE ARO EXPEDITION

An Artistic Causerie

BY M. H. SPIELMANN

SHOW SUNDAY is dying hard. But that it is moribund none will deny. For the decade following 1885 the institution was at its height, and only when the rumours went round that one who had forced himself among the heterogeneous crowd that flooded Sir John Millais' studio had walked off with a piece of silver from a cabinet, that the enthusiasm of the multitude was checked. So that to-day only one studio is open where ten used to offer a hospitable welcome; and in that one studio the invitations have been greatly reduced. This is the swing of the pendulum; for Show Sunday was not without its advantages. As a friendly function, it is very friendly; as a social celebration it has its uses in bringing before the Art Circle, and its wider concentric rings, the doings of the artists and the movement of art. No doubt there are sometimes, among certain people and certain artists, considerations that do not add to the dignity of the day; but why pay any attention to such?

One of the points for autumn discussion will be the merits and the artistic *bizarrie* of Monsieur Rodin, so the public had better prepare for it. The distinguished sculptor will for a while dominate society; rival camps, a greater and a less, will fight their battle; and Monsieur Rodin will depart, anathema to the many, applauded by the few; and a small following among our younger sculptors will begin to imitate his peculiarities without his training whereby he developed them, and the academical section will fulminate. As matters now stand the sculptor's celebrated "St. John the Baptist," or a copy of it, has been presented by his admirers to South Kensington Museum. To the gratified artist a dinner is to be offered on May 15 under the presidency of Mr. George Wyndham. This will probably be followed by an exhibition of the artist's works in England. Then will the public wonder, for not many of his recent works have the executive completeness (as apart from suggestion) which distinguishes his fine creation called "L'Appel aux Armes," now being exhibited at the gallery of the Fine Art Society.

The French have what is to English minds a strange though a



PORTRAIT OF TURNER, BY HIMSELF, LATELY PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
From a Photograph by Walker and Cockerell

very effective way of encouraging the encouragement of the arts. Decorations—*rubans et rosettes*—are distributed to those who grease the wheels of the art-machine. The latest list of decorated persons includes, besides artists in various departments, a member of a museum committee, an art-book publisher, a picture-photographer, a lecturer on the decorative arts, a print-publisher, a printer of

etchings, and a collector. These are all chosen for their several services in "pushing" the arts, and as a bait to others with a similar desire for coloured ribbon. With us it is thought that there is no need to exploit personal vanity when personal interest is a motive. Yet who knows but that with many persons it is vanity that is the stronger passion?

The portrait of J. M. W. Turner, R.A., of which a reproduction is here given, is the latest acquisition of the National Portrait Gallery, to which it has been presented by the friends of the late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, as a memorial of the distinguished art-writer, in whose possession it was up to the time of his death. It is in water-colour, and was drawn by the great landscape painter himself, when a child. When but quite a little lad, he drew many portraits, and found himself the most convenient model, so that he recorded his own head several times in water-colours and in oils from a very early age. This little work appears to be the earliest of them all, and so has a very special biographical interest. A few years later, he painted that curious, rather ill-drawn, but exceedingly interesting and romantic portrait of himself which belonged to Mr. Ruskin, and is still, we believe, at Brantwood. Later still he produced the portrait which now hangs amongst his works in the Turner Room at the National Gallery.

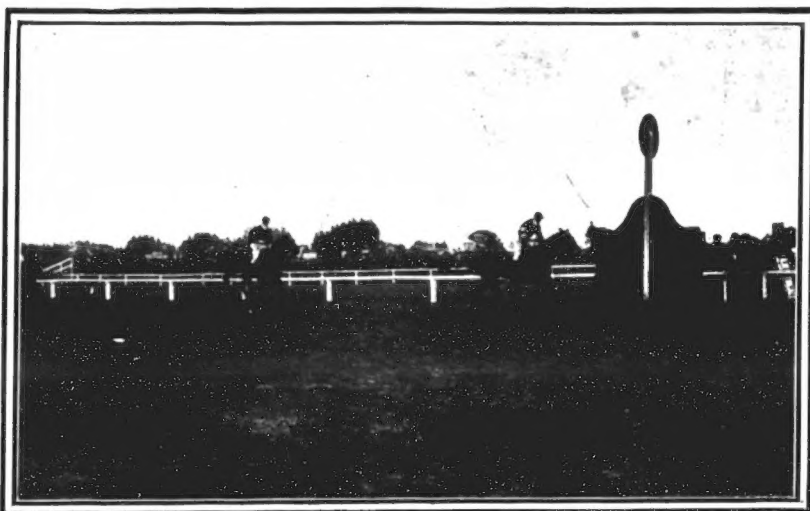
In the portrait now before the reader, we have a likeness which, with all its lack of facility and with all its demerits, is, without doubt, a very characteristic piece of self-presentation, and shows the son of the little barber of Maiden Lane with long curling hair. It is thus that he appears in the Ruskin picture executed at the age of about fourteen or fifteen. The other portrait at about the same age, but with hair cut short, was painted by Hoppner, and was reproduced in the *Magazine of Art* of 1895; and these three pictures are the first of many others now in existence by Charles Turner, George Dance, John T. Smith, W. Parrott, Count d'Orsay, Sir John Gilbert, Maclise, Sir William Allan, B. R. Haydon, and others—the whole forming a kind of pictorial biography not only of interest but of value. Of all these, none, we repeat, has more attraction for sentimental reasons than the little first picture which has become national property, and which, happily, links the name of Turner to that of his biographer, Mr. Monkhouse. While benefiting the Gallery, at the same time it affords gratification to the family and to the band of friends whose subscriptions brought about the presentation.



THE START



AT THE WATER JUMP



THE FINISH

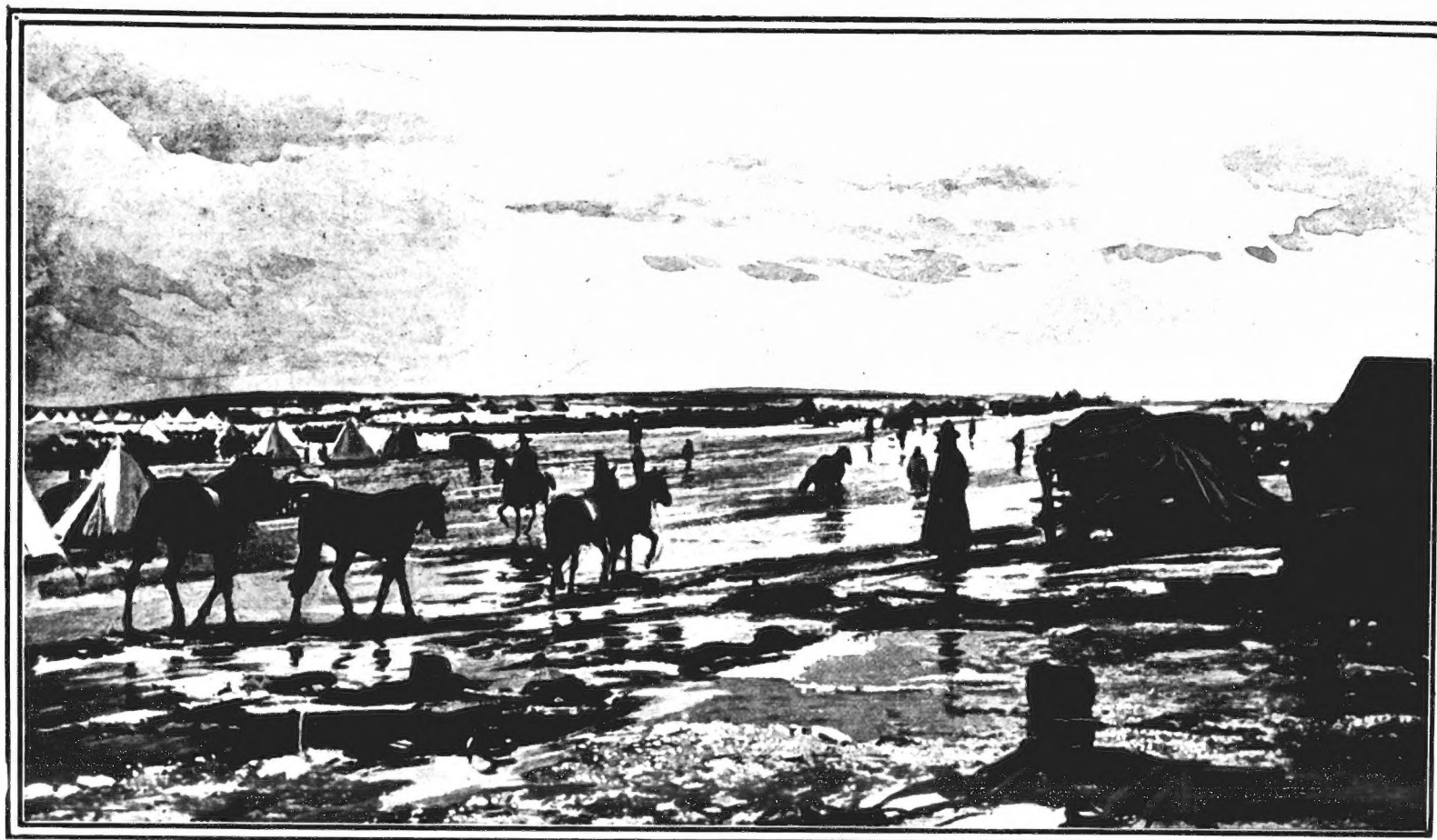


THE OWNER LEADING IN SHANNON LASS AFTER THE RACE

Twenty runners turned out for the Grand National, the favourites being Drumree and Inquisitor, although the old Grand National winner, Manifesto, was the best to look at. Shannon Lass, Mr. A. Gorham's mare which won, is a beautiful animal and was much admired. It was a good race and eleven

runners completed the course. Neither of the first favourites were placed, and Shannon Lass was followed to the winning post by Mathew, Manifesto and Detail. Our photographs are by G. Mark-Cook, Chester

THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE AT AINTREE



Our illustration, which is from a photograph by a British officer, shows the condition to which a heavy hailstorm reduced the camp at Standerton. The ruin wrought by the storm was deplorable, and to add to the confusion, the horses wandered aimlessly and wretchedly about at their own sweet will, being flooded out of their quarters.

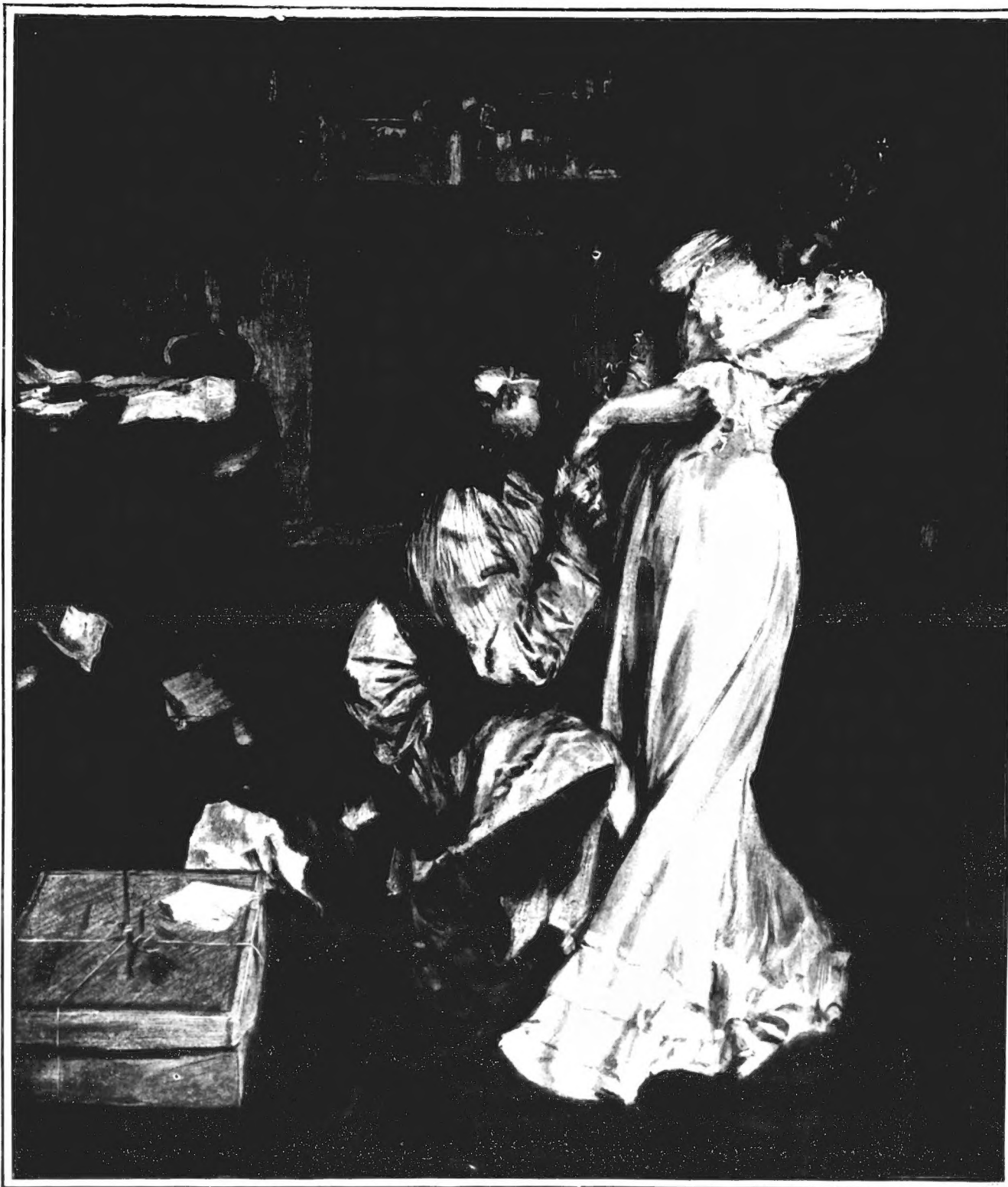
THE TRIALS OF CAMPAIGNING IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE EFFECT OF A HAILSTORM



Lord Denbigh and the other members of the British special mission were received recently by the Pope, when Lord Denbigh presented an autograph letter from King Edward, congratulating the Pope on his jubilee. The Pope, after manifesting high satisfaction, addressed "benevolent and affectionate words" to the members of the mission. Upon entering and leaving the pontifical apartments the mission was accorded military honours.

THE PAPAL JUBILEE: LORD DENBIGH HANDING AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM KING EDWARD TO HIS HOLINESS

DRAWN BY A. BIANCHINI



"In a moment he was at her feet, holding her two hands and pressing first one and then the other to his lips"

THE VULTURES

A STORY OF 1881

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by W. HATHERELL, R.I.

CHAPTER XVIII.

(Continued)

"I ALWAYS think," continued Netty, "that the Princess has a story. There must, I mean, be someone at the mines or in Siberia, or somewhere terrible like that, of whom she is always thinking."

And Netty's eyes were quite soft with a tender sympathy, as she glanced at Cartoner.

"Perhaps," put in Deulin, hastily, between two of Julie's solemn utterances. "Perhaps she is thinking of her brother—Prince Martin. He is always getting into scrapes—ce jeune homme."

But Netty shook her head. She did not mean that sort of thought at all.

"It is your romantic heart," said Deulin, "that makes you see so much that perhaps does not exist."

"If you want a story," put in Joseph Mangles, suddenly, in his deep voice, "I can tell you one."

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And because Joseph rarely spoke, he was accorded a silence.

"Waiter's a Finn, and says he doesn't understand English?" began Mangles, looking interrogatively at Deulin, beneath his great eyebrows.

"Which I believe to be the truth," assented the Frenchman.

"Cartoner and Deulin probably know the story," continued Joseph, "but they won't admit that they do. There was once a nobleman in this city who was like Netty; he had a romantic heart. Dreamt that this country could be made a great country again, as it was in the past—dreamt that the peasants could be educated, could be civilised, could be turned into human beings. Dreamt that when Russia undertook that Poland should be an independent kingdom with a Polish Governor, and a Polish Parliament, she would keep her word. Dreamt that when the Powers, headed by France and England, promised to see that Russia kept to the terms of the treaty, they would do it. Dreamt that somebody out of all that crew would keep his word. Comes from having a romantic heart."

And he looked at Netty with his fierce smile, as if to warn her against this danger.

"My country," he went on, "didn't take a hand in that deal. Bit out of breath and dizzy, as a young man would be that had had to fight his own father and whip him."

And he bobbed his head, apologetically toward Cartoner, as representing the other side in that great misunderstanding.

"Ever heard the Polish hymn?" he asked, abruptly. He was not a good story teller perhaps. And while slowly cutting his beef across and across, in a forlorn hope that it might, perchance, not give him dyspepsia this time, he recited in a sing-song monotone:—

"O Lord, who, for so many centuries, didst surround Poland with the magnificence of power and glory; who didst cover her with the shield of Thy protection when our armies overcame the enemy; at Thy altar we raise our prayer: deign to restore us, O Lord, our free country!"

He paused, and looked slowly round the table.

"Jooly—pass the mustard," he said.

Then, having helped himself, he lapsed into the monotone

again, with a sort of earnest unction that had surely crossed the seas with those Pilgrim Fathers who set sail in quest of liberty.

"Give back to our Poland her ancient splendour! Look upon fields soaked with blood! When shall peace and happiness blossom among us? God of wrath, cease to punish us! At Thy altar we raise our prayer: deign to restore us, O Lord, our free country!"

And there was an odd silence, while Joseph P. Mangles ate sparingly of the beef.

"That is the first verse, and the last," he said at length. "And all Poland was shouting them when this man dreamed his dreams. They are forbidden now, and if that waiter's a liar, I'll end my days in Siberia. They sang it in the churches, and the secret police put a chalk mark on the backs of those that sang the loudest, and they were arrested when they came out—women and children, old men and maidens."

Miss Julie P. Mangles made a little movement, as if she had something to say, as if to catch, as it were, the eye of an imaginary chairman, but for once this great speaker was relegated to silence by universal acclaim. For no one seemed to want to hear her. She glanced rather impatiently at her brother, who was always surprising her by knowing more than she had given him credit for, and by interesting her, despite herself.

"The dreamer was arrested," he continued, pushing away his plate, "on some trivial excuse. He was not dangerous, but he might be. There was no warrant and no trial. The Czar had been graciously pleased to give his own personal attention to this matter which dispensed with all formalities and futilities . . . of Justice. Siberia! Wife with great difficulty obtained permission to follow. They were young—last of the family. Better that they should be the last—thought the paternal Government of Russia. But she had influential relatives—so she went. She found him working in the mines. She had taken the precaution of bringing doctor's certificates. Work in the mines would inevitably kill him. Could he not obtain indoor work? He petitioned to be made the body servant of the Governor of his district—man who had risen from the ranks—and was refused. So he went to the mines again—and died. The wife had in her turn been arrested for attempting to aid a prisoner to escape. Then the worst happened—she had a son, in prison, and all the care and forethought of the paternal Government went for nothing. The pestilential race was not extinct after all. The ancestors of that prison brat had been kings of Poland. But the paternal Government was not beaten yet. They took the child from his mother, and she fretted, and died. He had nobody now to care for him, or even to know who he was, but his foster-father—that great and parental Government."

Joseph paused, and looked round the table with a humorous twinkle in his eyes.

"Nice story," he said, "isn't it? So the brat was mixed up with other brats so effectually that no one knew which was which. He grew up, in Siberia, and was drafted into a Cossack regiment. And at last the race was extinct; for no one knew. No one, except the recording angel, who is a bit of a genealogist, I guess. Sins of the fathers, you know. Somebody must keep account of 'em."

The dessert was on the table now; for the story had taken longer in the telling than the reading of it would require.

"Cartoner, help Netty to some grapes," said the host, "and take some yourself. Story cannot interest you—must be ancient history. Well—after all, it was with the recording angel that the Russian Government slipped up. For the recording angel gave the prison brat a face that was historical. And if I get to Heaven, I hope to have a word with that humorist. For an angel, he's uncommon playful. And the brat met another private in a Cossack regiment who recognised the face, and told him who he was. And the best of it is that the Government has weeded out the dangerous growth so carefully that there are not half a dozen people in Poland, and none in Russia, who would recognise that face if they saw it now."

Joseph poured out a glass of wine, which he drank with outstretched chin and dogged eyes.

"Man's loose in Poland now," he added.

And that was the end of the story.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HIGH-WATER MARK

NETTY did not smoke. She confessed to being rather an old-fashioned person. Which was usually accounted to her for righteousness by men, who, so far as women are concerned, are intensely conservative—such men, at all events, whose opinion it is worth a woman's while to value.

Miss Mangles, on the other hand, made a point of smoking a cigarette from time to time in public. There were two reasons. The ostensible reason, which she gave freely when asked for it, and even without the asking—namely, that she was not going to allow men to claim the monopoly of tobacco. There was the other reason, which prompts so many actions in these blatant times—the unconscious reason that, in going counter to ancient prejudices respecting her sex, she showed contempt for men, and meted out a bitter punishment to the entire race for having consistently and steadily displayed a complete indifference to herself.

Miss Mangles announced her intention of smoking a cigarette this evening, upon which Netty rose and said that if they were not long over their tobacco they would find her in the drawing-room.

The Mangles' salon was separated from the dining-room

by Joseph's apartment—a simple apartment in no way beautified by his Spartan articles of dress and toilet. The drawing-room was at the end of the passage, and there was a gas jet at each corner of the corridor. Netty went to the drawing-room, but stopped short on the threshold. Contrary to custom, the room was dark. The old-fashioned chandelier in the centre of the large, bare apartment glittered in the light of the gas jet in the passage. Netty knew that there were matches on the square china stove opposite to the door, which stood open. She crossed the room, and as she did so the door behind her, which was on graduated hinges, swung to. She was in the dark, but she knew where the stove was.

Suddenly her heart leapt to her throat. There was someone in the room. The soft and surreptitious footstep of a person making his way cautiously to the door was unmistakable. Netty tried to speak—to ask who was there. But her voice failed. She had read of such a failure in books, but it had never been her lot to try to speak and to find herself dumb until now.

Instinctively she turned and faced the mysterious and terrifying sound. Then her courage came quite suddenly to her again. Like many diminutive persons, she was naturally brave. She moved towards the door, her small slippers and soft dress making no sound. As the fugitive touched the door-handle she stretched out her hand and grasped a rough sleeve. Instantly there was a struggle, and Netty fought in the dark with someone infinitely stronger and heavier than herself. That it was a man she knew by the scent of tobacco and of rough working clothes. She had one hand on the handle, and in a moment turned it and threw open the door. The light from without flooded the room, and the man leapt back.

It was Kosmaroff. His eyes were wild; he was breathless. For a moment he was not a civilised man at all. Then he made an effort, clenched his hands, and bit his lips. His whole demeanour changed.

"You, mademoiselle!" he said, in broken English. "Then Heaven is kind—Heaven is kind!"

In a moment he was at her feet, holding her two hands, and pressing first one and then the other to his lips. He was wildly agitated, and Netty was conscious that his agitation in some way reached her. In all her life she had never known what it was to be really carried away until that moment. She had never felt anything like it—had never seen a man like this—at her feet. She dragged at her hands, but could not free them.

"I came," he said—and all the while he had one eye on the passage to see that no one approached—"to see you, because I could not stay away! You think I am a poor man. That is as may be. But a poor man can love as well as a rich man—and perhaps better!"

"You must go! you must go!" said Netty. And yet she would have been sorry if he had gone. The worst of reaching the high-water mark is that the ebb must necessarily be dreary. In a flash of thought she recollected Joseph Mangles' story. This was the sequel. Strange if he had heard his own story through the door of communication between Mangles' bedroom and the dining-room. For the other door, from the "salon" to the bedroom, stood wide open.

"You think I have only seen you once," said Kosmaroff. "I have not. I have seen you often. But the first time I saw you—at the races—was enough. I loved you then. I shall love you all my life!"

"You must go—you must go!" whispered Netty, dragging at her hands.

"I won't unless you promise to come to the Saski Gardens now—for five minutes. I only ask five minutes. It is quite safe. There are many passing in and out of the large door. No one will notice you. The streets are full. I made an excuse to come in. A man I know was coming to these rooms with a parcel for you. I took the parcel. See, there is the tradesman's box. I brought it. It will take me out safely. But I won't go till you promise. Promise, mademoiselle!"

"Yes!" whispered Netty, hurriedly. "I will come!"

Firstly, she was frightened. The others might come at any moment. Secondly—it is to be feared—she wanted to go. It was the high-water mark. This man carried her there and swept her off her feet—this working man, in his rough clothes, whose ancestor had been a king.

"Go and get a cloak," he said. "I will meet you by the great fountain."

And Netty ran along the corridor to her room, her eyes alight, her heart beating as it had never beaten before.

Kosmaroff watched her for a moment with that strange smile that twisted his mouth to one side. Then he struck a match and turned to the chandelier. The globe was still warm. He had turned out the gas when Netty's hand was actually on the handle.

"It was a near thing," he said to himself in Russian, which language he had learnt before any other, so that he still thought in it. "And I found the only way out of that hideous danger."

As he thus reflected he was putting together hastily the contents of Joseph Mangles' writing-case, which were spread all over the table in confusion. Then he hurried into the bedroom, closed one or two drawers which he had left open, put the despatch-case where he had found it, and, with a few deft touches, put the apartment in order. A moment later he lounged out at the great doorway, dangling the tradesman's box on his arm.

It was a fine moonlight night, and the gardens were peopled by shadows moving hither and thither beneath the trees. The shadows were mostly in couples. Others had come on the same errand as Kosmaroff—for a better

motive perhaps, or a worse. It was the very end of St. Martin's brief summer, and when winter lays its quiet mantle on these northern plains lovers must needs seek their opportunities indoors.

Kosmaroff arrived first, and sat down thoughtfully on a bench. He was one of the few who were not muffled in great coats and wraps against the autumn chill. He had known a greater cold than Poland ever felt.

"I suppose she will come," he said in his mind, watching the gate through which Netty must enter the gardens. "It matters little if she does not. For I do not know what I shall say when she does come. Must leave that to the inspiration of the moment—and the moonlight. She is pretty enough to make it easy."

In a few moments Netty passed through the gate and came towards him—not hurriedly or furtively, as some maiden in a book to her first clandestine meeting—but with her head thrown back, and with an air of having business to transact which was infinitely safer and less likely to attract the attention of the idle. It was she who spoke first.

"I am going back at once," she said. "It was very wrong to come. But you frightened me so. Was it very wrong? Do you think it was wrong of me to come, and despise me for it?"

"You promised," he whispered eagerly; "you promised me five minutes. Out of a whole lifetime, what is it? For I am going away from Warsaw soon, and I shall never see you again perhaps, and shall have only the memory of these five minutes to last me all my life—these five minutes and that minute—that one minute in the hotel."

And he took her hand, which was quite near to him somehow, on the stone bench, and raised it to his lips.

"We are going away, too," she said. She was thinking also of that one minute in the doorway of the "salon," when she had touched high-water mark. "We are on our way to St. Petersburg, and are only waiting here till my uncle has finished some business affairs on which he is engaged."

"But he is not a business man," said Kosmaroff, suddenly interested. "What is he doing here?"

"I do not know. He never talks to me of his affairs. I never know whether he is travelling for pleasure, or on account of his business in America, or for political purposes. He never explains. I only know that we are going on to St. Petersburg."

"And I shall not see you again. What am I to do all my life without seeing you? And the others—Monsieur Deulin and that Englishman, Cartoner—are they going to St. Petersburg, too?"

"I do not know," answered Netty, hastily withdrawing her hand, because a solitary promenade was passing close by them. "They never tell me either. But . . ."

"But what? Tell me all you know, because it will enable me, perhaps, to see you again in the distance. Ah! if you knew! If you could only see into my heart!"

And he took her hand again in the masterful way that thrilled her, and waited for her to answer.

"Mr. Cartoner will not go away from Warsaw if he can help it."

"Ah!" said Kosmaroff. "Why—tell me why?"

But Netty shook her head. They were getting into a sub issue assuredly, and she had not come here to stray into side issues. With that skill which came no doubt with the inspiration of the moment in which Kosmaroff trusted he got back into the straight path again at one bound—the sloping, pleasant path in which any fool may wander and any wise man lose himself.

"It is for you that he stays here," he said. "What a fool I was not to see that! How could he know you, and be near you, and not love you?"

"I think he has found it quite easy to do it," answered Netty, with an odd laugh. "No, it is not I who keep him in Warsaw, but somebody who is clever and beautiful."

"There is no one more beautiful than you in Warsaw."

And for a moment Netty was silenced by she knew not what.

"You say that to please me," she said at last. "And her voice was quite different—it was low and uneven."

"I say it because it is the truth. There is no one more beautiful than you in all the world. Heaven knows it."

And he looked up with flashing black eyes to that Heaven in which he had no faith.

"But who is there in Warsaw," he asked, "whom anyone could dream of comparing with you?"

"I have no doubt there are hundreds. But there is one whom Mr. Cartoner compares with me—and even you must know that she is prettier than I am."

"I do not know it," protested Kosmaroff, again taking her hand. "There is no one in all the world."

"There is the Princess Wanda Bukaty," said Netty, curtly.

"Ah! Does Cartoner admire her? Do they know each other? Yes, I remember I saw them together at the races."

"They knew each other in London," said Netty. "They knew each other when I first saw them together at Lady Orlay's there. And they have often met here since."

Kosmaroff seemed to be hardly listening. He was staring in front of him, his eyes narrow with thought and suspicion. He seemed to have forgotten Netty and his love for her as suddenly as he had remembered it in the "salon" a few minutes earlier.

"Is it that he has fallen in love—or is it that he desires information which she alone can give him?" he asked at length. Which was after all the most natural thought that could come to him at that moment and at that place.

For every man must see the world through his own eyes.

Before she could answer him the town clocks struck ten. Netty rose hastily, and drew her cloak round her.

"I must go," she said, "I have been here much more than five minutes. Why did you let me stay? Oh—why did you make me come?"

And she hurried towards the gate, Kosmaroff walking by her side.

"You will come again," he said. "Now that you have come once—you cannot be so cruel. Now that you know, I am nearly always at the river, at the foot of the Bednarska. You might walk past, and say a word in passing. You might even come in my boat. Bring that woman with the black hair, your aunt, if necessary. It would be safer, perhaps. Do you speak French?"

"Yes—and she does not."

"Good—then we can talk. I must not go beyond the gate. Good-bye—and remember that I love you—always, always!"

He stood at the gate and watched her hurry across the square towards the side door of the hotel, where the concierge was so busy that he could scarcely keep a note of all who passed in and out.

"It is all fair—all fair," said Kosmaroff to himself, seeking to convince himself. "Besides—has the world been fair to me?"

Which argument has made the worst men that walk the earth.

(To be continued)

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

WESTMINSTER and Windsor are to be rivals during the Coronation period; of the two the latter will be the more favoured, for most of the social festivities will probably be held at Windsor. It is, for instance, almost certain that the monster garden-party which the King is to give will take place in the grounds of Windsor Castle, as the gardens at Buckingham Palace are not sufficiently large for an entertainment on so vast a scale. Besides, the State Apartments at the Castle are more suitable for imposing Court ceremonials than those at the Palace, and it is important that the foreign and colonial guests should take away with them the memory of a brilliant series of gatherings in the best surroundings.

Windsor and the neighbourhood should also profit largely during Ascot week, for the meeting will be attended by the Sovereign for the first time for many years. Besides, the competition for houses will be much greater than in ordinary times, as many Colonial and American visitors intend to hire houses in the district for the race-week. There are estate agents who are confident that for every fifty pounds spent in this direction in recent years a hundred will have to be next June!

The Jubilee celebrations taught the London tradesmen two lessons, which they have not forgotten—to wit, that the abnormal expenditure affected the normal, and that the former did not reach so high a figure as does the latter in prosperous seasons. They, therefore, fear that the downpour of money in June will not make good the losses incurred by the slackness of the preceding months. It is to be foreseen that those who will have to spend large sums at Coronation time will avoid expense as much as they can, both previously and after. They will entertain less frequently; they will reserve their resources for the fortnight or three weeks when the Court will be the centre of attraction; and they will even come to town and leave it earlier than usual. It is the steady spending of money throughout the season which benefits the tradesmen and those who are dependent on them, and it is this more or less methodical expenditure which circulates millions every year amongst the workers.

Shall Belgravia ever be a second Bloomsbury? There was a period when Bloomsbury was the favourite district of "fashion," but some cause or causes eventually made that parish unpopular. The increasing use of motor-cars may lead the rich to transfer their patronage to the suburbs, and the younger generation may see the houses in Piccadilly and Park Lane converted into warehouses, and Belgrave Square given over to the solicitors! There is certainly already a tendency to migrate to the heights which surround London, and the more motor-cars come into use the more will this tendency increase. Wimbledon, Putney, Highgate, and Hampstead, for instance, are far more healthy than the West End, and if those who live in those districts can reach the clubs, the City, and each other almost as quickly by motor travelling as they do now—when living in the hollow—in carriages and cabs, why should they reside in Mayfair or Belgravia? The motor-car is destined to revolutionise our habits in many directions. Will it do so in this?

A committee of inspection should be appointed to visit the statues and monuments of London, and it should be mainly composed of well-known artists and art critics. Of the hundred or so statues, which the town contains, fully one-third are condemned by the best judges of art, and there is no reason why these unsightly monuments should be further allowed to disfigure the streets. No better way of commemorating the Coronation could be devised than the demolishing of these villainous erections, and it would be well could the work of destruction be completed before the foreign and colonial visitors begin their critical tour round the curiosities of London. Would that there were a Cruikshank to give us a "comic

guide" to the statues, for only ridicule will bring home to the minds of the multitude the folly of retaining these in our midst, and of venerating them as works of art!

It is hoped that arrangements will be made to enable the public to visit the Houses of Parliament during those weeks when the sittings are adjourned. It has been already made known to the authorities that many of the Colonists who are about to visit England are especially anxious to see the interior of the Houses of Lords and Commons, and that it would greatly disappoint them were they not allowed to gratify their curiosity in this direction. They wish, too, to view the State rooms at Buckingham Palace and St. James's Palace, but both must necessarily be closed in the fortnight when most of them will be in London.

Royal Society of British Artists

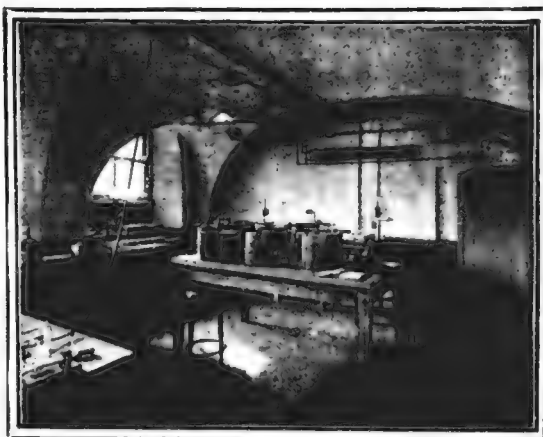
It is pleasant to be able to record a better average of work at the new exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists. There is still so much work that is not only old-fashioned (which may sometimes be very good), but pretty bad at that, that one wonders why the cleverer of the younger men do not swamp out the element which continually denies dignity to their Society. But with so many young men of ability a note is given here and there which even

crass banality cannot drown. In speaking of the fresher note, we do not refer so much to such work as the Hassall-Byam Shaw-like "Bannockburn" of Mr. Arthur Stewart, but to the landscapes, for example, of Mr. Giffard Lenfestey, Mr. Graham Robertson and Mr. Dewhurst. "The Bridge," by the first-named, is beautifully drawn; it is a problem of light well treated, and is a really greater success than the clever seashore piece called "Wild Clouds of Destiny." Mr. Dewhurst gives us *pointillisme tout pur* in "La Creuse: Sunrise," which, seen by itself, partly justifies by its success in colour and effect, the technique initiated by Monet. Mr. Footitt also gives a very modern rendering of "The Abbey, Westminster"—too blue, but singularly truthful in suggestion. Mr. Graham Robertson's portrait of Miss Olga Brandon ("La Dame aux Pavots"), is a very accomplished piece of painting, though the colour is not pleasant throughout. In "When noon lay heavy," the artist has attempted a still more elaborate problem of light and colour. Mr. C. M. Q. Orchardson has painted a delicately drawn portrait of his distinguished father, striking in resemblance, and curiously like him in manner. Mr. Sheard in his painting of sunlight ("Montesoye") shows a remarkable resemblance to Monsieur Rigolot; and clever studies come from Mr. Borough Johnson, Mr. Trier (a Clara Montalba in oil), Mr. Spenslove, and others who do a good deal to pull up the exhibition. But in a society so numerous in its members (they number 150) it is hard to keep a high standard, especially when the Royal Academy and the Society of Oil Painters have captured so many of the leading painters in oil.



1. LOUIS XIII. COSTUME IN SOFT GREY CLOTH. The coat has white taffetas revers covered with embroidery, and the sleeves are embroidered to match, and open over silk muslin puffed undersleeves, the cravat being of the same muslin. Plain skirt, flowing out at feet and embroidered with thistles and their leaves. 2. COSTUME OF LOUISINE, WITH FLORAL STRIPES. Large lace collar on the laqueed bodice, which has full sleeves finished with little frills. Small ruffles on skirt.

SMART GOWNS FOR AFTERNOON RECEPTIONS AND PRIVATE VIEWS



THE ELECTRICAL RESISTANCE ROOM



THE CHIEF THERMOMETRICAL LABORATORY



THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY



DR. HARKER AT WORK IN THE THERMOMETRY ROOM



THE GARDEN FRONT



THE ROOM FOR STANDARDS OF LENGTH, WITH THE PHOTOMICROGRAPHY ROOM BEYOND

The National Physical Laboratory

THE new National Physical Laboratory, which was opened last week by the Prince of Wales, is situated at Bushey House, Teddington. Bushey House, which until lately has been a Royal palace, and was formerly the residence of Queen Adelaide, has been granted to the Royal Society as the headquarters of the new institution, which it was originally intended should have been built in the old Deer Park at Kew, near the present Kew Observatory. It is a large brick building containing about a hundred rooms, dating from about 1770. It covers a great extent of ground and stands in its own domain of thirty acres cut out of the north-east portion of Bushey Park. The laboratory has been established by the Government as the result of a memorial presented to them by a number of influential representatives of science and industry, who urged "that a public institution should be founded for standardising and verifying instruments, for testing materials, and for the determination of physical constants."

The management is in the hands of a committee composed of a number of Fellows of the Royal Society, with delegates from six other societies representing electrical and mechanical science. The chairman of the board is the Rt. Hon. Lord Rayleigh, and the director of the laboratory, who has an official residence in the building, is Dr. R. T. Glazebrook, F.R.S., formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge, and late Principal of University College, Liverpool. In addition to the Physical Laboratory, which is located in Bushey House, there is a new building to accommodate the engineering department, which is under the control of Dr. Stanton, lately professor of engineering at Bristol. In this

department are found a number of machine tools, and also the powerhouse, containing the electrical installation, consisting of a large dynamo driven by a Parson's steam turbine. This type of generator has been selected owing to its freedom from vibration, which would be detrimental to successful work with many of the delicate instruments employed in the adjoining building.

The work of the laboratory may be divided into:—(1) Research, including the accurate determination of physical constants; (2) the construction of standards of all kinds; and (3) verification work. The staff of the laboratory thus far appointed consists of eight University men, with some mechanics and juniors. This does not include the staff at Kew Observatory, which is now a department of the laboratory, under the same general control. The work falls under several different heads, and at present the chief departments are electricity, thermometry and chemistry, under the control of Mr. Campbell, Dr. Harker and Dr. Carpenter respectively. In the electrical department are found the historic British Association resistance coils, and a number of carefully constructed standards for measuring currents, and the testing of all kinds of electrical instruments. A special feature is to be made of the study of iron, particularly for electro-technical purposes, and it is expected that the systematic research begun by an official committee of the Institution of Electrical Engineers will be continued in the laboratory. For this purpose a metallurgical department has been provided, fitted with furnaces for the manufacture of alloys of different compositions, and there is also a very complete outfit for the study of the microscopic structure of metals, a method by which so much has recently been learnt concerning the marvellous change in properties which traces of impurity may cause in a sample of iron or steel.

In the department of thermometry provision is being made for attaining and accurately measuring any temperature from below that of liquid air to far above the melting point of gold, which is

about 2,000 deg. on Fahrenheit's scale. With this object a set of temperature baths has been constructed, in which comparisons can be made between the different standard instruments, and any thermometer it is desired to test. For attaining the highest temperatures several electric furnaces are provided. In another department is an elaborate outfit of instruments for the measurement of length, including one of the celebrated Whitworth measuring machines, a second one by Pratt and Whitney, a comparator for determining the expansion of standard bars, and a dividing engine for making standard scales of the highest attainable accuracy. An optical department includes provision for the testing of photographic lenses, and also the measurement of the illuminating power of lamps, particularly electric incandescent lamps of different candle powers and voltages.

The alterations to Bushey House, the building of the engineering laboratory and the equipment have already cost 20,000*l.*, including a munificent donation of 1,000*l.* from Sir Andrew Noble, F.R.S., and several other substantial gifts. The Government, after providing the building, granted, in addition, 14,000*l.*, which was afterwards increased to 17,000*l.* for the cost of the alterations, and an annual sum of 4,000*l.* for maintenance. The chief aim of the new institution is to put British manufacturers in possession of the means and information necessary to enable them to compete successfully with their foreign rivals in all industries where science plays an important part, a most praiseworthy and desirable object in the attainment of which all loyal Englishmen will wish it hearty success.



THE THERMOMETRY HEATING ROOM



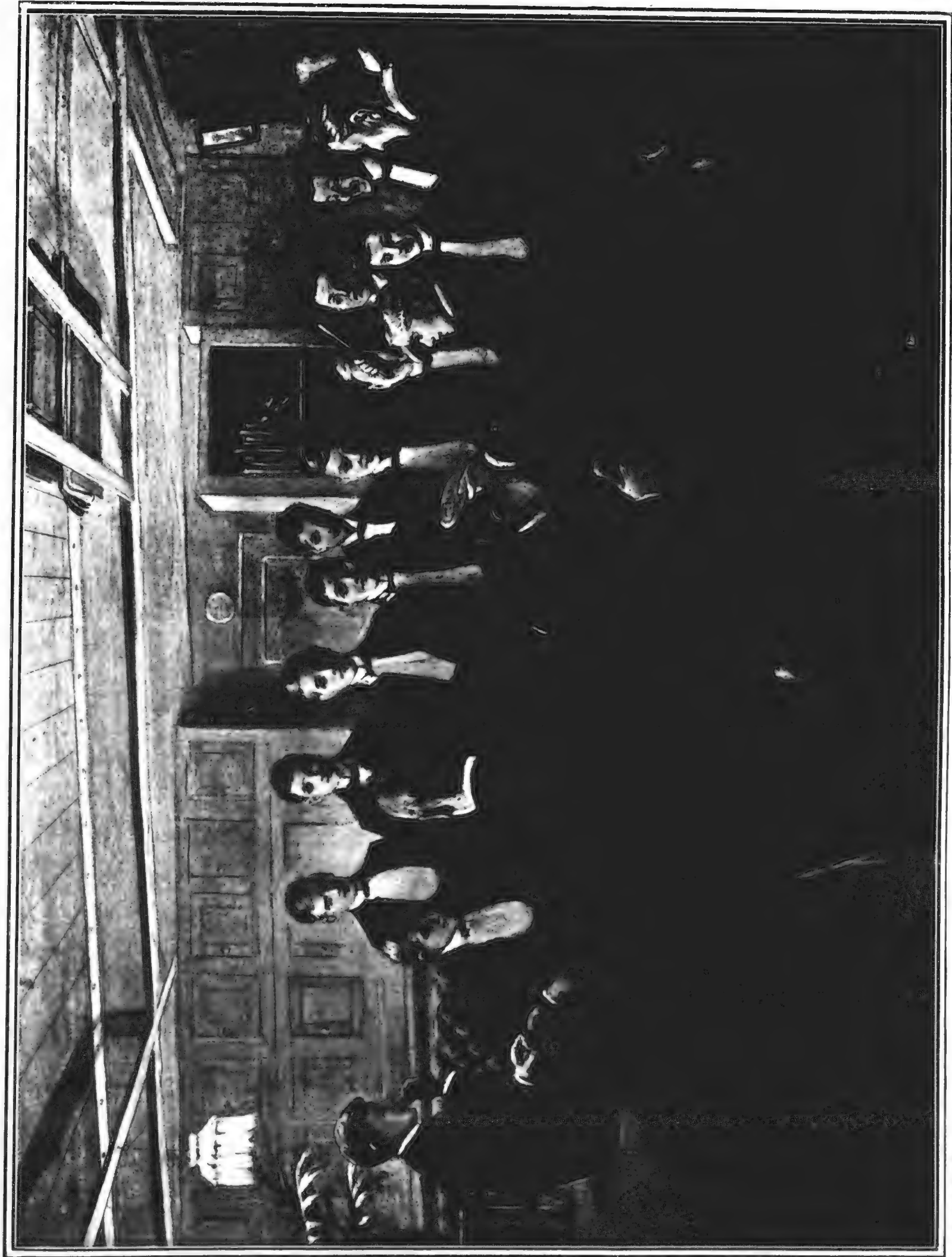
THE DIRECTORS' STUDY



THE SMALLER ELECTRICAL ROOM

THE NEW PHYSICAL LABORATORY. BUSHEY HOUSE. OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES

From Photographs by our Special Photographer, C. Pilkington



By an old naval custom, a cadet, on being promoted to be a midshipman, is "crowned" by the youngest cadet in the mess breaking a ship's biscuit on his head by giving it a sharp blow with a carpenter's hammer—a performance which is not so painful as the lad operated on expects it to be. The newly promoted midshipman then gathers up the fragments of the biscuit and eats them, while the sub-lieutenant delivers a short and solemn oration, and the ceremony terminates with three cheers for the new midshipman.

FROM A PICTURE BY CYRIL G. BOUTON, R.N.

A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY: CROWNING A NEW MIDSHIPMAN

The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

THE House of Commons on Wednesday adjourned for the Easter holidays, with the consciousness that it had, once in a way, done a good week's work. In the matter of the vacation, the Lords preceded it by five days, promising to make up for the discrepancy by extending the holiday at the other end by seven days. Their Lordships, too, had a final spurt. They held three several sittings on Friday, in the course of which they passed the Appropriation Bill through all its stages, conferred on it by Commission the Royal Assent, and held interesting conversation on the history of the Cordite scare which, seven years ago, turned out Lord Rosebery's Government, and made possible many momentous events that have starred the interval.

As for the Commons, the last half-week of the first division of the Session was marked by the introduction of two important Bills dealing with questions that have more than once been charged with the fate of Ministries. On Monday night, in the absence of Sir John Gorst through regrettable illness, and in the presence of the Duke of Devonshire looking on from the Peers' Gallery, Mr. Arthur Balfour introduced the Education Bill. Promised in the King's Speech, the appearance of the Measure has been deferred in a fashion that suggested indecision in high places. A fortnight ago it was openly asserted that the intention of thoroughly dealing with the question had been abandoned, and that if a Bill were introduced at all it would deal only with a section of the matter. After a Cabinet Council held last week, Mr. Balfour surprised the House by promise of introduction of the measure before the adjournment for the Easter holidays.

The pledge was fulfilled in a speech of an hour and a half's duration, delivered before a full and, sometimes, puzzled audience. Mr. Balfour, in his Parliamentary aspect, does not shine most brilliantly as an expositor of an intricate scheme. Members were evidently bursting to ask for elucidation of various points, as the exposition went forward. Mr. Balfour had, however, adroitly guarded against this embarrassing form of interruption, by begging that the pleasure might be deferred. The Attorney-General, he said, would, later in the evening, answer all questions. The consequence of an attempt made by Sir Albert Rollit to break this rule was not encouraging, and the First Lord of the Treasury got to the end of his task with no other difficulty than arose from occasional misplacement of his voluminous notes.

The Leader of the Opposition judiciously refrained from detailed criticism of a scheme only partially understood. Others less bashful, or perhaps fuller masters of the subject, entered upon discussion that lasted up to midnight, being closed by a division that revealed the existence of a minority of twenty-three members determined not even to give the Bill an opportunity of being shaped according to their desires. Threatening opposition came from the Ministerial Bench. Sir Richard Jebb, a loyal Ministerialist and a high educational authority, took uncompromising exception to a vital principle of the measure. The Bill provides that all forms of education, elementary, secondary, and technical, shall be placed under the control of county and borough councils. But it will be at their option to decline to undertake the direction of elementary education. The Cambridge professor entreated the Government to reconsider this clause, making it obligatory for the local authority forthwith to take over both elementary and secondary education.

More will be heard of this on the second reading and in Committee. Meanwhile, the Government have promise of assistance from an unexpected quarter. Another vital principle of the Bill is the provision that Voluntary schools shall receive rate aid in proportion to the secular work they do. As this will apply to Roman Catholic seminaries in common with other Church schools, the Irish members are bought over. As was indicated in a speech by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, they will, upon this consideration, help the Government to carry the Bill in face of opposition that evidently will not be confined to the Liberal benches.



THE FIRST LAP OF THE THREE MILES



G. HOWARD SMITH (TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE) CLEARING 5 FT. 9½ IN.



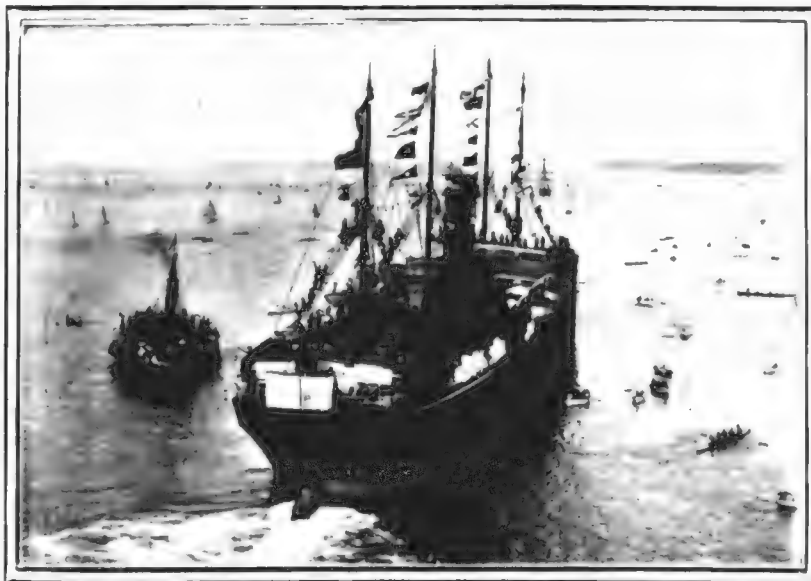
THE FINISH OF THE 100 YARDS

Oxford won the Inter University Sports at Queen's Club last week by five events to four. For Oxford, W. W. Coe (Hertford) won the Hammer and the Weight, E. L. Gay-Roberts (Queens), the Mile Race, beating F. S. Cockshott, who was regarded as certain to win; G. R. Garner (Oriel) the Hurdles; and L. J. Cornish (Lincoln), the Long Jump. The Cambridge successes were as follows:—R. W. Barclay (Trinity), won the One Hundred Yards by half a yard, the other Cambridge string, J. Church (Trinity), being second, and he also won the Quarter Mile in the good time of 50.3.5sec.; G. Howard Smith (Trinity) won the High Jump, clearing 5ft. 9½in.; C. S. Doorly (Selwyn), the other Cambridge man, being second with 5ft. 8½in. and the two Oxford strings tying for third place, with 5ft. 7½in.; H. W. Gregson (Christ's) won the Three Miles, the other Cambridge man, H. P. W. Macnaghten (King's) being second, forty yards behind, while R. R. Huyshe (Oriel, Oxford) was third, sixty yards behind.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SPORTS AT QUEEN'S CLUB

On Tuesday another important measure that promises hard work and lively time in subsequent stages of the Session, was brought in. This is the Land Bill, introduced by George Wyndham, and instantly pounced upon by the Irish members. Nothing more will be heard of these two Bills for some weeks. Immediately after the re-assembling of the House, on Monday week, the Procedure Rules will be taken in hand, and, with an interval

for the presentation of the Budget, will be proceeded with *de die in diem* till they are carried. The necessity for reform was proved afresh by the disgraceful scene of Thursday in last week, when Mr. John Dillon beat the record in the matter of disorderly language and was suspended from the service of the House. The incident will strengthen the hands of Mr. Balfour in making the punishment for disorderly conduct more fitting to the crime.



THE TRANSPORT "SURREY" LEAVING AUCKLAND

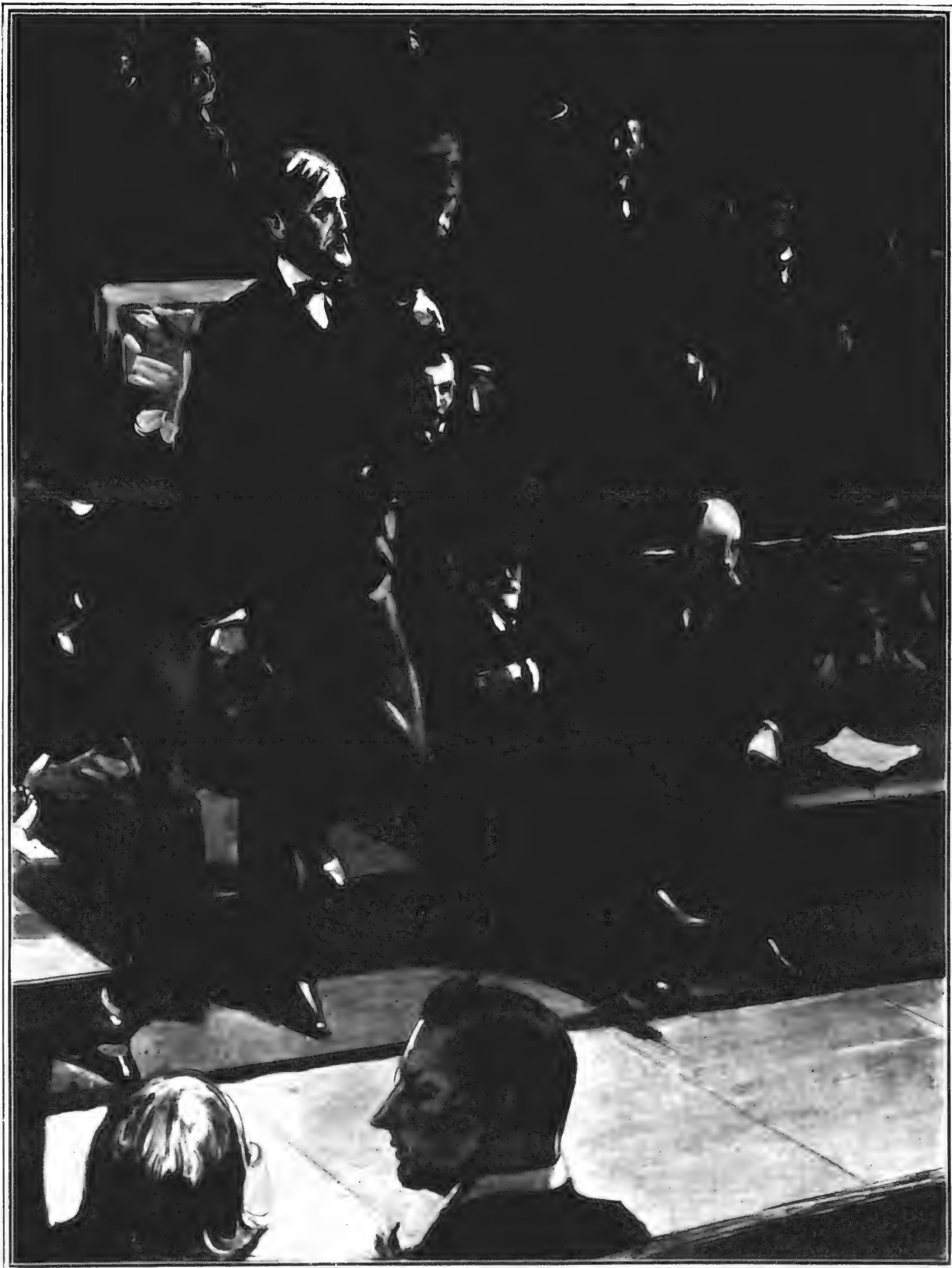
Great enthusiasm was displayed on the departure of the North Island Regiment, numbering 500 men, of the Eighth Brigade for South Africa, from Auckland. The Mayor delivered a speech, in which he said that New Zealand's rejoinder to the calumnies of foreign nations which should be friendly was the sending away of an eighth brigade, with more to follow, and a general determination to support the action of the Imperial Government. Mr. Seddon, the Premier, said that if the picture which was now presented could be transferred to the mother country and to other nations, they would then realise the determination of



MR. SEDDON MAKES HIS VOICE HEARD

the New Zealanders, who were resolved to assist in bringing the war to an end, and if a twentieth contingent were required, would give it cheerfully. When the ninth brigade would leave, in a month hence, New Zealand would have sent 5,000 men to the front, a number which, on a population basis, was equal to 35,000 from Canada, 24,000 from Australia, and 271,000 from the United Kingdom. Mr. Seddon also said:—"After the despatch of the ninth contingent the equipment of a tenth will be commenced, but I hope it will not be necessary to send it." Our photographs are by J. Randall Mann.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE EIGHTH NEW CONTINGENT FROM NEW ZEALAND



SUSPENDED: MR. DILLON LEAVING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.V.O.



THE END OF THE HUNTING SEASON: BRINGING IN THE WINNER OF

DRAWN BY FRED WHITING



ING IN THE WINNER OF A HUNT STEEPLECHASE

FRED WHITING

Our Portraits

THE REV. CLEMENT SMITH, Rector of Whippingham, Isle of Wight, who has been appointed a Canon of Windsor, in the room of the late Canon Gee, D.D., was vicar of St. Nicholas-in-the-Castle, Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight, from 1893, and in 1895 became rector of Whippingham. He was honorary chaplain to Queen Victoria from 1893 to 1896, and chaplain-in-ordinary from 1896. Our portrait is by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

Colonel Sir Charles Parsons, K.C.M.G., Assistant-Adjutant-General in the Woolwich District, has been appointed colonel on the staff to command the regular troops in the Dominion of Canada, with the local rank of major-general. The appointment has been reduced from a lieutenant-general's post. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Captain Nott Bower, who has been elected the City Commissioner of Police, to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Sir Henry Smith, is fifty-two years of age, and a son of the late Dr. J. Bower. He was educated at Cheltenham and Sandhurst, and subsequently entered the Army. He afterwards served in the Royal Irish Constabulary and as Chief-Constable of Leeds. In October, 1881, he was appointed Head-Constable of Liverpool, and thus for twenty years he has had the command of one of the largest forces of City Police in the country. During that time he has obtained a thorough knowledge of police administration, and he has been constantly responsible for

and in 1867 going to New Zealand and exploring and sketching there the lovely islands from end to end, producing a most interesting portfolio of many hundred sketches, which were eventually exhibited in Paris and London, and from which he produced many fine landscapes, thus opening to the European public the beauty of the colonies. Our present King as Prince of Wales took Mr. Chevalier to Vienna, there to paint the opening of the Vienna Exhibition and various subjects. He was a clever linguist, speaking Russian, French, German, Italian, Portuguese and English fluently. Though a Swiss, he was a naturalised Englishman, residing in England and the Colonies over fifty years. A good musician, he wrote well in prose and verse. He devoted a very large amount of valuable time for the Sydney Gallery, being honorary purchaser of pictures for it for twenty-three years, and securing splendid representatives of European art. His own picture of "The Buffalo Ranges," Victoria, gained the first Government prize offered, and was the first purchased picture for the first Colonial National Gallery, Victoria, though now each Colony has its picture gallery. Mr. Chevalier was seventy-four years of age. Our portrait is by H. Hallier, Sydenham.

Captain Percy Neville Field, of the Scottish Horse, who was killed in action at Doornlaagte, was the son of Mr. J. B. Field, of Worthing. When the war broke out Captain Field was living in Durban, and enlisted as a trooper in the Natal Mounted Rifles. He was shut up in Ladysmith during the siege. In December, 1900, he joined the Scottish Horse as a subaltern, and subsequently received his captaincy. On one occasion he carried a wounded

graduate as they considered most suitable, morally and physically, to enter Her Majesty's service. Young Mr. Baines was one of the first to receive one of these commissions, and this was how he became a soldier. He was also a "Blue," having won the hammer-throwing at Queen's Club ground. Our portrait is by Whaley and Phoenix, Doncaster.

Colonel John Gerald Wilson, C.B., who was in command of the 3rd Battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment, was killed in the attack on Lord Methuen's column. He was the eldest son of Mr. Richard Wilson, of Cliffe. Colonel Wilson was born in 1841, and was educated at Cheltenham, and later at Sandhurst. He joined the Army in 1858, as an ensign in the 84th Regiment. On the death of his father he retired from the Army, but he afterwards accepted a commission in the Volunteer force, and in 1873 he was appointed to the command of the 1st North Yorkshire Rifle Volunteers. From the latter he was transferred, in 1883, to the command of the 3rd West Yorkshire Militia, now known as the 3rd Militia Battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment, and in 1889 he was appointed Brigadier-General commanding the West Yorkshire Volunteer Brigade. The Companionship of the Bath was conferred on him in 1897, in recognition of his services. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Captain Alfred Richard Glynn Begbie, Royal Field Artillery, who was killed near Holspruit, Orange River Colony, entered the Royal Military Academy in 1893, received his commission in the Royal Artillery in 1895, and left for South Africa with the 75th Battery



THE REV. CLEMENT SMITH
New Canon of Windsor



COLONEL SIR C. B. PARSONS
Appointed to command the regular troops in Canada



CAPTAIN NOTT BOWER
New Commissioner of the City Police



THE LATE MR. N. CHEVALIER
Artist



THE LATE CAPTAIN P. N. FIELD
Killed at Doornlaagte



THE LATE LIEUTENANT L. O. T. BAINES
Died of enteric at Heilbron



THE LATE COLONEL J. G. WILSON
Killed near Tweebosch



THE LATE CAPTAIN A. R. G. BEGBIE
Killed near Holspruit



THE LATE MAJOR GEORGE CAMPBELL
Died of dysentery at Middelburg

the control of great crowds and the regulation of extraordinary traffic. After the strike of the Dublin Metropolitan Police some years ago, Captain Bower was requested to draw up a scheme for the reorganisation of that force, which was adopted by the Irish Government, and has worked satisfactorily ever since. He has frequently been called to give evidence before Royal, Parliamentary and Departmental Commissions with regard to matters of police. Our portrait is by Brown, Barnes and Bell, Liverpool.

Mr. Nicholas Chevalier died at his residence, Ashmore, Sydenham Hill, failing health compelling him to leave Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park, some ten years ago, and to seek quiet and rest from work. He had resided there for twenty-three years, settling after his cruise with H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who had invited him to join the *Galatea*. During those years he was yearly represented at the Royal Academy, besides producing a very large number of works in oil and water colours, which were nearly all commissioned. Many of his finest works were never publicly exhibited, but went direct to their owners, such as "The Renunciation of Buddha" and several ordered by Her late Majesty, who patronised Mr. Chevalier very largely and sent him to St. Petersburg at the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Tsar's daughter. The early part of his career he spent in Australia, being sent out to look after his father's investments there, and remained several years. He did various kinds of art work, helping to introduce the first illustrated papers, chromo-lithography, etc., making many sketching tours,

officer out of danger under a heavy fire. Captain Field had been several times wounded. While carrying despatches in the Wagon Hill battle a bullet passed through his body, just missing his spine, but he crawled to the officer for whom the despatches were intended and then lay for sixteen hours in the open before being attended to by the surgeon. Later in the campaign a piece of the top of his head was taken off by a shell, he received a bullet wound under his left knee, and at Moedswill, on September 30, a bullet went through his jaw, necessitating the removal of seven pieces of bone. He came to England just before Christmas to recuperate, and returned to the seat of war in January of the present year with a contingent of Lovat's Scouts. Our portrait is by Bristow, Worthing.

Lieutenant Lancelot O. Ballot Baines, who has died of enteric fever in Orange River Colony, changed his career in consequence of the outbreak of the war in South Africa. The son of Mr. L. T. Baines, of The Hall, Bawtry, he was educated at Cheltenham College, passing thence to Trinity Hall, Cambridge. His destination till almost the end of his University life was the Church, and he had only his final theological examination to pass to be fully qualified to proceed to Holy Orders. Soon after the war broke out he changed his views, and applied to the Vice-Chancellor (Mr. Chawner, Master of Emmanuel) for a recommendation to the War Office for one of the University commissions of which twenty-five were placed at the disposal of each of the two Vice-Chancellors (Oxford and Cambridge) for distribution among such under-

shortly before the war broke out. He was present at the actions of Belmont, Graspan, Modder River, and Magersfontein, and also at the capture of Jacobsdal and at Paardeberg. He accompanied Lord Roberts's advance from Bloemfontein, and after Driefontein was transferred to "T" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, in which he served at the taking of Johannesburg and in the actions of Diamond Hill and Beliaai. He was promoted to captain in 1901, and was put in charge of a pom-pom section. In July Captain Begbie joined Rimington's column, with which he served continuously until he was killed, at the age of twenty-six. Captain Begbie was educated at Haileybury College, and was the elder son of Lieut.-Colonel Begbie (retired), R.E. Our portrait is by Wayland.

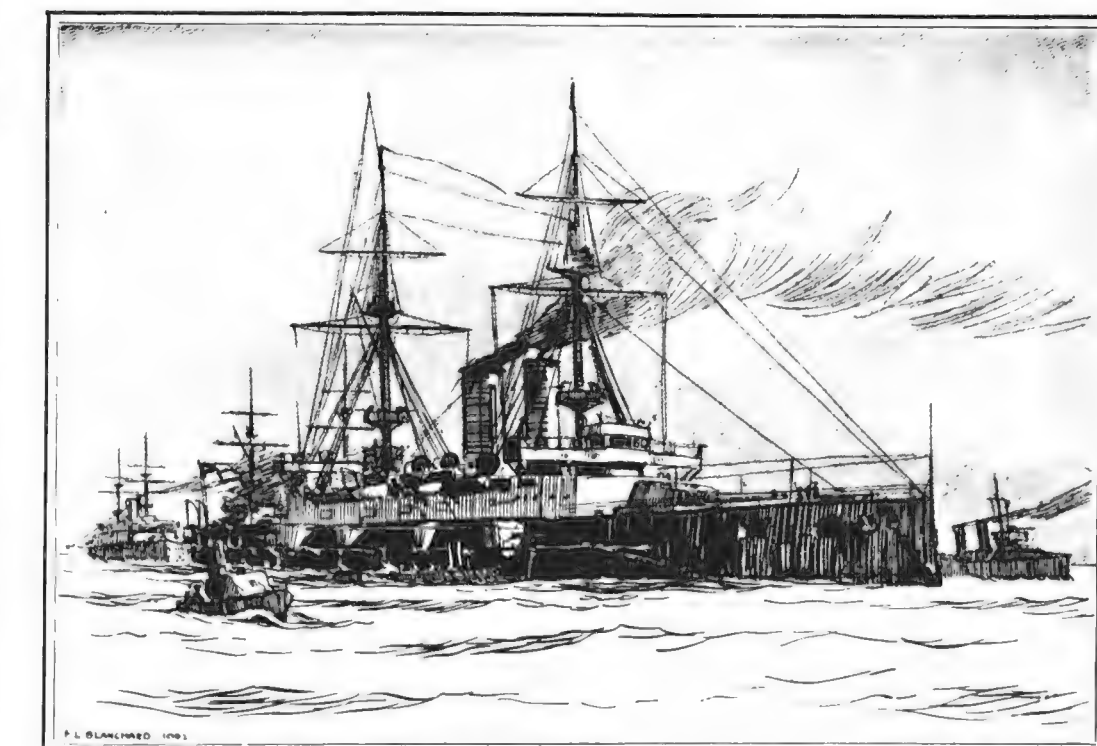
Major Campbell (8th King's Regiment), who died of dysentery at Middelburg (Transvaal) on March 4, was the eldest son of the late Sir George Campbell, K.C.S.I., M.P., etc., and was well known as an all-round sportsman, and more especially as a hunter of big game. His experiences in this direction included lion-hunting in Somaliland, and shooting expeditions to Cashmere, Thibet and the Rocky Mountains (twice). A considerable proportion of the heads adorning the Sports Club, St. James's Square, and the two fine lion skins there, are trophies of his gun. He was for some years master of the "King's" otter hounds in Ireland. Two amusing satirical poems which recently appeared in *Vanity Fair*, ridiculing "Red Tape" and War Office methods, were from his pen. He married, in 1893, Molly, daughter of Rev. John Weir, vicar of Horkesley, Essex.

The Court

EASTER brings the King and Queen a brief respite from their pressing official duties, and so both their Majesties are taking a short holiday to get rest and strength before the heavy work of the next few months. Usually they spend the Easter season at Sandringham with their family, but this year their Majesties need a greater change. Accordingly, Queen Alexandra takes the opportunity to pay the visit to Denmark which she has put off several times, while King Edward goes yachting along the coast in the *Victoria and Albert*. Although His Majesty knows our southern waters well, and has done plenty of yachting in the Solent, he has never made a cruise of any importance along the British coasts, a few trips as a child with the late Queen excepted. The new Royal yacht has behaved so well and proved so swift and comfortable in her latest trials that a pleasant cruise is expected. There is great disappointment at Cannes that His Majesty cannot come after all; but State business, and the Coronation arrangements in particular, made it impossible for King Edward to go far away or to be absent any length of time. His cruise, therefore, will be quite short, and he will, of course, be within easy communication of town, spending every night in some harbour for the sake of transacting business. His trip is quite private, so that no formal reception or addresses will be offered in any port. The first few days will be spent at Cowes, whence the yacht will cruise westwards along the Devonshire and Cornish shores, working up to the east coast of Ireland, and, perhaps, as far as Scotland if time and weather allow. Nor will the Queen be very long away, although she will remain at Copenhagen for her father's birthday on April 8, when King Christian will be eighty-four. All his children, except the King of Greece, will gather round the King for the anniversary, together with numerous grandchildren and other near relatives.

Before the King and Queen left town they spent a very quiet time at Marlborough House. They were busy settling the arrangements for the removal to Buckingham Palace, and King Edward, as usual, gave numerous audiences. The Queen and Princess Victoria went one evening to hear Bach's "Passion Music" at St. Anne's, Soho, and on Sunday the Royal party attended Divine Service in the Marlborough Chapel. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Louise have been to see their Majesties, who have also had a few guests to dinner on several nights. The King held a Privy Council on Monday, and received the members of the Advisory Committee for the selection of a site for the proposed Tuberculosis Sanatorium. Princess Victoria has not accompanied either of her parents, but is staying at Lord Hillingdon's house at Overstrand.

The Prince and Princess of Wales propose to spend their Easter at Sandringham, with their young family. They are steadily going the round of the hospitals, and spent several hours at the London Hospital, Mile End Road, where they were specially interested in the "light" treatment for lupus. They also went over the Nurses' Home, and another day were at the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess of Wales went to Chatham, when the Princess named the new battleship *Prince of Wales*. The Prince and Princess are as devoted theatre-goers as the King and Queen, and rarely miss seeing any piece of importance.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are over from Ireland for the holidays, and have brought back Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein from her long visit to them at Dublin. The Princess has gone home with Princess Christian and Princess Louise Augusta to Cumberland Lodge, Princess Christian and her



On Tuesday at Chatham the Princess of Wales named and launched the new battleship "Prince of Wales." Our illustration shows the vessel as she will appear when completed. The "Prince of Wales" has a displacement of 15,000 tons, its length is 400ft. and breadth 75ft. It will have engines of 20,000 h.p.

A NEW BATTLESHIP LAUNCHED BY THE PRINCESS OF WALES

younger daughter having been staying in London to superintend the arrangements of their new town houses. Princess Christian's new residence in Pall Mall is nearly ready, while Princess Louise Augusta has taken a house in Queensberry Place, South Kensington.

The King's Coronation Dinner to the half a million of the London poor is such a colossal undertaking that committees are being formed in all parts of London to assist in carrying out the scheme. So far the arrangements are only in the elementary stage, and it is not even fully decided whether the dinners shall be held in buildings or in great tents in the public parks. Plenty of voluntary helpers will be forthcoming, and, indeed, a perfect army will be needed. The idea is taken up with the utmost enthusiasm, but it will tax the experience of the best authorities to provide for so many guests, to choose the really deserving, and to decide on the fare. King Edward himself has originated the design of the cup to be given to his guests. It will be a beaker of very elegant shape. Other Coronation arrangements are gradually getting into shape. For instance, the first list is out of the Fleet for the Naval Review at Spithead on June 28. At present 115 ships are under orders, but more will possibly appear, as several big cruisers may be ready by then, while the torpedo-boats are not yet chosen. The Fleet will illuminate in the evening, being decked out with thousands of tiny electric lights, which will blaze out simultaneously at a given signal.

Then it is proposed to have a chain of bonfires throughout the country on Coronation Day as at Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Coronation day is to be a Bank Holiday, as well as the following day.



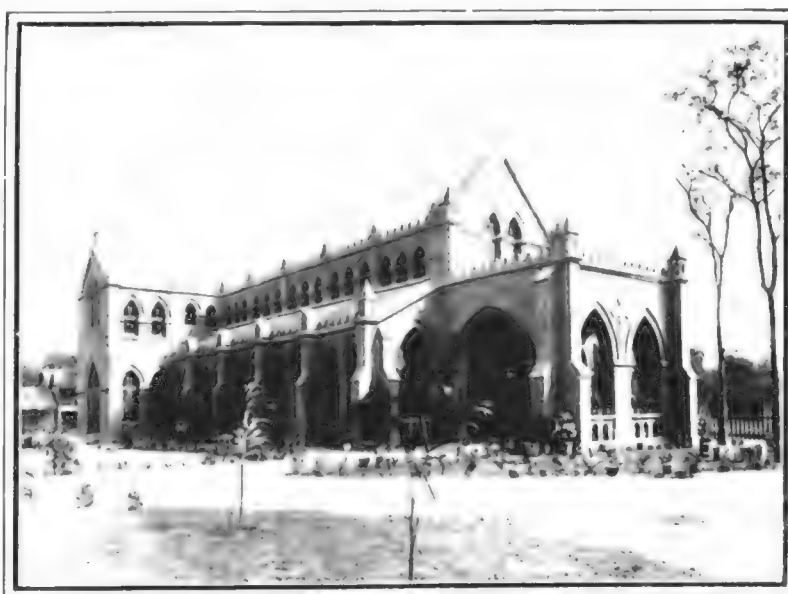
A Coronation medal has been issued by Messrs. Elkington and Co. which is the work of M. Emil Fuchs, the designer of the new coinage. The obverse bears the portraits of the King and Queen, in high relief, and the reverse depicts Britannia leaning upon a shield bearing an escutcheon emblazoned with the Royal Arms, draped with the Union Jack, and wreathed with laurel. Above, supported by branches of oak and laurel, the Imperial Crown is encircled by far-spreading rays, emblematic of the sway of the British Empire. In the background is Westminster Abbey.

A NEW CORONATION MEDAL



THE INTERIOR

Mandalay, the capital of Upper Burma, was captured over fifteen years ago, but until now has possessed no church for the English-speaking Church of England community. This, moreover, is the first church in Upper Burma that has been built by English-speaking Christians without the aid of Government. It is unique in another respect also. One-eighth, at least, of the total sum required for its erection has been collected from non-Christian subscribers, and speaks volumes for the wonderful influence the chaplain has obtained over these various peoples. A beautifully carved reredos was given by two Hindoo gentlemen, the nave carpets by a Parsee, the chancel screen by a Mahomedan, a processional cross and precious stones,



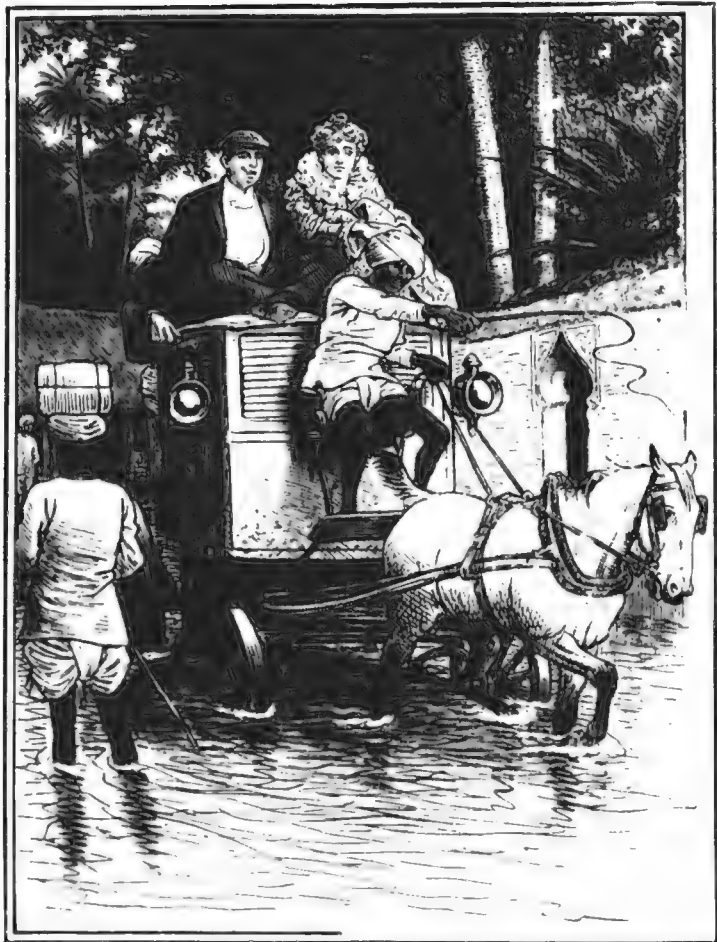
THE EXTERIOR

for the altar cross, by Buddhists. The chaplain, the Rev. Charles W. Holder, has been (besides raising the whole of the money required) his own architect, builder, and contractor, as also the designer of most of the furniture and ornaments, which are the work of Burman carvers. The church, which will seat about 350 people, is built entirely of red brick, and was consecrated by the Bishop of Rangoon on Sunday, February 16, exactly a year from the date of laying the foundation stone. Our photographs are by W. A. Mackay, Mandalay.

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Simpson and his wife are going out to dine, and the floods being bad, they hail a ghari



As the water seems deep enough to flood the ghari, they ride on the roof



Arrived at their destination, they are greeted and praised for their courage by their host, who orders a plank to be brought to bridge over the water between the house and the ghari



Mrs. Simpson landed safely, but when Simpson began to cross, the horse moved, and the plank slipped from the ghari. Poor Simpson, in spotless evening dress, was flung into the water with a horrid splash

DRAWN BY W. BALSTON

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN W. H. DESKIN

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The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

"JUDGED BY APPEARANCES"

THE migration of Mr. James Welch and his comrades from *TERRY'S Theatre* to the *COMEDY* leaves that bright and merry farce, *The New Clown*, in full possession of the chief place in the programme; but *Sheerluck Jones* has given way to a new first piece, which was played at the last-mentioned house for the first time on Saturday evening and received with a degree of favour not often extended to productions of this class. How to make the *lever-de-rideau* acceptable to the manager's patrons is, I am aware, regarded in some quarters as a hopeless problem; but there seems to be really no mystery in the matter. A fresh and original little piece in the place of the conventional farcical extravagances or the strained sentimentality with which plays of this class are for the most part hopelessly infected is, obviously, the first desideratum; the second is that actors of position shall be willing to waive their objection to what is contemptuously called "playing the people in." In the case of Mr. Frederick Fenn's little play, which bears the title of *Judged by Appearances*, both these conditions are happily fulfilled, and the result is a notable success. The hero—if the word is not too inapplicable—of the little drama is Mr. Arthur Denison, a quiet prosaic stockbroker, with a young and pretty wife, who despises her husband's lack of courage and enterprise, and openly confesses her admiration for a military officer who is going out to fight in his country's cause, and is just then showing her marked attentions. So serious does the position become that poor Denison, who is really a worthy creature, is goaded into a determination to give a final proof that he is no coward by blowing out his brains. The moment is favourable, for his wife, just returned from the theatre, has retired to bed, leaving him alone in the drawing-room; but while the unhappy stockbroker is screwing up his courage, a burly burglar enters the room by cutting a pane of glass in the window, and, presenting his revolver, threatens to fire if he is interfered with. Solar, however, from being daunted by this, Denison welcomes the opportunity of shuffling off this mortal coil, and entreats the intruder to despatch him quickly. Then ensues a position which is as novel as it is amusing. The burglar, though ready to rob, is not ready to commit murder—or "to swing," as he says—to oblige his victim; and as to his revolver it is unloaded and harmless. It is Denison now who is the armed man, and the robber who, after a highly diverting colloquy, entreats for mercy on his knees. Thus when Mrs. Denison, alarmed by the noise, enters the room she is confronted with the spectacle of her husband taking the stalwart burglar by the throat and denouncing him as a coward and a cur, apparently a convincing evidence that Denison is not the timid creature she had supposed. The little play is, on the whole, admirably acted, but Mr. Welch as Denison hardly gives due relief to the serious side of the little story; for Denison's suicidal project, in spite of his bitter humour, is real—not assumed. Mr. Sass's burglar, on the other hand, is consistent throughout, and is altogether a very amusing creation. The part of Mrs. Denison is cleverly played by Miss Audrey Ford.

"THE GIRL FROM MAXIM'S"

There are other things besides Phoebe's beauty which are "not for all markets," and one of these is *The Girl from Maxim's*, at the *CRITERION Theatre*. It has, it seems, pleased audiences in America, and the French original—a three-act farce brought out at the *Théâtre des Nouveautés*—appears to have been equally successful in Paris. At the *CRITERION*, on the contrary, *The Girl from Maxim's* was received by the first-night audience with a decided expression of dissatisfaction, and the audience in this case was right. The story deals once more with the cheap humours of the flighty husband who takes advantage of his wife's temporary absence from home to pay a visit to a low Parisian dancing-saloon, where he gets stupefied by drink, and in this condition invites an impudent woman in the short skirts of a female acrobat to visit him at his house. The invitation is accepted, and on the morrow "the girl from Maxim's" makes her appearance at Dr. Petitpont's residence. Needless to say, the doctor's wife returns, and that thenceforth the chief object of Petitpont and his male friends and sympathisers is, by many ingenious devices, to prevent a meeting between Madame Petitpont and this unwelcome visitor. We have seen all this, or much like it, before; but hitherto a certain amount of plausibility has been preserved. But in the latest variation upon this conventional situation plausibility is precisely what is wanting; for as the rapacity and impudence of the intruder are inexhaustible the chance of ultimate concealment of the facts from the doctor's wife are obviously very small, while the follies and humiliations to which the conspirators are driven are endless. One of these consists in taking the vulgar person in the short skirts down to a château in Touraine and there passing her off upon Dukes and Duchesses as a fashionable Parisian lady of the very latest type. The *CRITERION* company is a strong one; but though it comprises such excellent comedians as Mr. Herbert Standing, Mr. E. W. Garden, Mr. Wyes, and Miss Beatrice Ferrar, they could do little with such material as this, and when one of the personages had to utter the unlucky words "It is not funny at all," the observation certainly found an echo in the breasts of the audience.

Paris Dottings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

IF March came in like a lamb in Paris, it is certainly going out like a lion. After three weeks of beautiful weather there has been a relapse, and the French capital seems back in the days of February. Gales, rain, hail, thunder, in fact, everything but snow, have been the order of the day for the past week. A continuance of such weather will, probably, have the effect of prolonging the season in the Riviera. This will, in some degree, compensate the hotel-keepers and other tradesmen for their disappointment at the non-arrival of King Edward.

Paris has this week begun its series of fairs, which will last till July 16 next. Montmartre has led the list this year, as the work on the new underground railway prevented the fair being held for the past eighteen months. The result is that the boulevard for a mile and a half is covered with merry-go-rounds, switchback railways,

shooting-galleries, and booths of every description. As soon as the Montmartre fair is over the show people will move east to the Foire aux Jambons, or the annual Ham Fair. This institution dates back for centuries, and had its origin in the offerings of pork made by the peasants round Paris to the Archbishop of Paris. In order to transform those gifts into money a great fair was held on the *parvis* of the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Want of space caused it to be removed to the Boulevard Bourdon. The contribution in kind to the clergy no longer exists, but the sale of ham and other kindred products still subsists. All countries contribute. Here one finds thousands of York hams, Westphalia hams, sausages from Milan and Bologna, pâté de Cherbourg, stuffed tongues from Troyes, sausages from Lyons and Arles, and the products of Holland. This fair is succeeded by the Ironmongers' Fair on the Boulevard Richard Lenoir, where all the second-hand dealers in iron and tin ware bring their products.

When this is over a move is made to Neuilly, just outside the gates of Paris, where the Foire de Neuilly is held. As this coincides with the Grand Prix and other events of the Paris season, this fair enjoys aristocratic patronage to a greater degree than any other. Leaders of fashion, the women in silks and satins, the men in evening dress, can be seen whirling round on merry-go-rounds, firing at the shooting-galleries, throwing balls at the Aunt Sallies, or inspecting the fat women and other monstrosities on view. The result, of course, is that the show people regard the Fête de Neuilly as their best harvest of the year, and prolong the fair for a period that does not increase the happiness of those who live on the noisy avenue.

The much-vexed question of the superiority of French *versus* Italian fencing was settled last week most satisfactorily for all concerned. The champions were Cavaliere Pini for Italy and Kirchhoffer for France. The results, I say, were satisfactory to all concerned, as it has been discovered that both won. It was decided that there were to be two bouts of ten points each, and in case each fencer won one, then a third and deciding bout was to be held. The first was won by Cavaliere Pini by ten points to Kirchhoffer's eight. The latter won the second bout by ten points to two. A third bout therefore became necessary. This Pini won by ten points to six. He therefore won the match by scoring the odd point. The French papers, however, have added up the total points made in the three bouts, and find that Kirchhoffer made twenty-four to Pini's twenty-two, and the honour of the French fencing is saved.

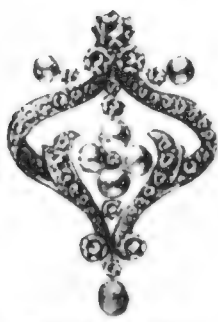
The chances of the life of the next Chamber being increased from four years to six are reaching vanishing point. To become law the decision of the Chamber must be approved by the Senate. That body has referred the matter to a select committee. Of the nine members composing it eight are hostile to the proposed change. The report will therefore be opposed to the desires of the Lower House. It is true that the Government supports the proposal, but it has now no means of coercing the Senate. At any other time it might pose the question of confidence and force the Conscript Fathers to choose between passing the Bill and a Ministerial crisis. But as such a thing as a change of Ministry three weeks before a general election is out of the question, the question of confidence would not frighten the Senate in the slightest degree.

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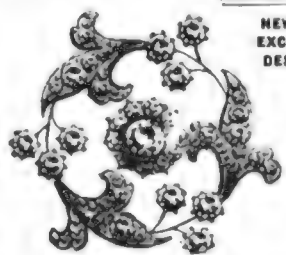
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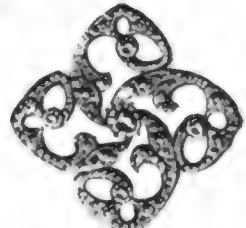
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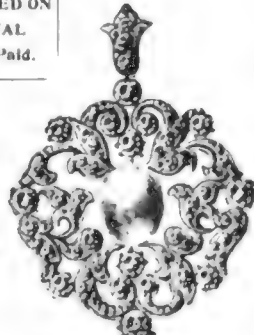
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Our Bookshelf

"RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CONGRESS IN VIENNA"

The author of "An Englishman in Paris" has done a considerable service to those who like sidelights thrown on European history in giving us so excellent a translation of this book ("Anecdotal Recollections of the Congress of Vienna, by the Comte A. de la Garde-Chambonas, with Introduction and Notes by the Comte Fleury," Chapman and Hall). Auguste-Louis-Charles de la Garde was a man of letters and a poet, and was born in Paris in 1783. His parents dying in his infancy he was brought up by a near relative, the Marquis de Chambonas, who stood to him in the place of father, while he was occasionally entrusted to his godmother, Madame de Villers, who was the friend of Madame Bernard, the wife of the Lyons banker, whose daughter became so famous under the name of Madame Récamier. Young La Garde and the future Madame Récamier were consequently intimately associated, and from first to last sincere friends. It was Madame Récamier who befriended him and looked after his education when he returned to Paris after his "father's" exile to try and secure the restitution of M. de Chambonas' estates, and there are many delightful pictures of the distinguished woman throughout the volume. He did not succeed in reclaiming the property, and so speedily set to work to shift for himself and succeeded very satisfactorily, this being due, doubtless, in some measure to the fact that he had many influential friends. He wandered from one capital to another, from Paris to Rome, from Rome to Vienna, from Vienna to St. Petersburg, and thence to Poland. He wrote poems, he was popular—in Poland in particular, where his verses found high favour, and he mixed with all the most distinguished men of a day when distinguished men were more prominent than now. He wrote many volumes besides the present one, though few are even as well known as these recollections. He never married and he has long been forgotten. Nevertheless, was he a shrewd, kindly and observant man of the world, and as such his notes on the famous Congress when Kings, Princes, and notabilities thronged Vienna, are abundantly interesting. The Vienna Congress, in truth, was an amazing business:

At no time of the world's history had more grave and complex interests been discussed amidst so many fêtes. A kingdom was cut into bits or enlarged at a ball, an indemnity was granted in the course of a dinner; a Constitution was planned during a hunt; now and again a cleverly placed word or a happy and pertinent remark cemented a treaty, the conclusion of which, under different circumstances, would probably have been achieved only with difficulty, and by dint of many conferences and much correspondence.

Those who expect, however, important revelations about the diplomatic conferences which excited the attention of Europe in that memorable year (1815) will be disappointed. The aspect dealt with is merely of the lighter side of things, but the anecdotes and portraits of *grandes dames* and illustrious personages are full of charm, and all who are in any way *au courant* with the history of the period will find the book full of interest from cover to cover. It is illustrated with many excellent portraits.

"MEMORIES GRAVE AND GAY"

Mr. John Kerr's book is a volume of reminiscences of his experiences as school inspector in Scotland. For thirty-six years he held office in this capacity, witnessing countless alterations and

"Memories Grave and Gay. Forty Years of School Inspection." By John Kerr, LL.D. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)

improvements in the work of the Education Department, and, as he very aptly says, "a man could scarcely have wandered over practically the whole of Scotland so long and so often as I have, without seeing something and meeting some people with something noteworthy about them." As might have been anticipated, the book is full of amusing stories, from which we may quote one or two, with the idea of sending readers to the book itself, in which they will surely not be disappointed. As specimens of blunders in French



Capt. Wolmarans Major Wolmarans Lieut. Malan

Before the war, there was, in the Transvaal, a corps called the Staats Artillerie, which was the only regular body of soldiers in the Republic. War has, of course, reduced the numbers of the corps, and as in January, Colonel Wing captured forty-two Boers, all of the Staats Artillerie, among whom were Major Wolmarans, Captain Wolmarans and Lieutenant Malan, it may be said that the corps is practically non-existent. The photograph was taken on board the R.M.S. "Manila," when on her way to St. Helena.

THE LAST OF THE BOER STAATS ARTILLERIE

made by Training College students and pupils in higher class schools, the following are not bad:—

"Oublie de glaces de son âge."

"Obliged to wear glasses by age."

And here are four versions of "I shall blow my nose":—1. "Je wiperai mon nez;" 2. "Je bloueraï mon nez;" 3. "Je venterai

mon nez;" 4. "Je sufferai mon nez." Mr. Kerr is most amusing, though, when he gets among such old Highlanders as the one who said to him, "Goot Got! waater in whusky! No waater in my whusky? to spoil the goot drink. Waahter! Waahter!" He overheard two typical whisky-drinkers once discussing the sudden demise of a third, the youngest of the three, and they could not account for his having been taken first, except that one of the survivors "thocht he wud be puttin' too much waater in his whusky." Mr. Kerr came across various evidences of belief "in the preservative or antiseptic power of whisky," as, for instance, in the case of an old man who, when cross-examined on his age, said:—

"Ah, I'm an older man than you wud be thinking."

"Indeed! what is your age?"

"I'll be seventy-two next summer."

"Well," I remarked, "you would pass for ten years less than that."

"Oh, yes; you see I wud be always gettin' a small drop of whusky, and then the fresh air wud be a goot thing, too."

So much and no more for fresh air. The best story, though, because it is more typical of Highland caution, is the following:—

Two workmen met in the morning after a night of heavy drinking. They were very thirsty but could not muster more than the price of one glass of whisky. While they were about to share it a friend came in on the same errand. They offered him the glass, which he took and finished. He felt he could not do less than offer them each a glass in return. He then went away. One said to the other, "Now, wassa that weel managed?" "It was so," he replied; "but, man, it was an awfu' risk."

"FIVE GREAT PAINTERS OF THE VICTORIAN ERA"

Sir Wyke Bayliss's new volume is a series of appreciative essays on the life and work of the five painters who have so largely influenced modern art. To take the headings of the chapters is to show in some degree the spirit in which the author approaches his subjects. These headings are "Frederic, Lord Leighton: The Painter of the Gods." Sir John Millais: The Painter of Men and Women. Sir Edward Burne-Jones: The Painter of the Golden Age. George Frederick Watts: The Painter of Love and Life. William Holman Hunt: The Painter of The Christ." If Sir Wyke Bayliss has nothing very new to say what he does say is rightly felt and expressed with considerable charm of feeling. His enthusiasm for and appreciation of the master-painters of the Victorian era is unbounded, and his personal intercourse with them gives a freshness to his work. The book, which is published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., contains many charming reproductions of the works of the different artists.

"MASTER SINGERS"

Mr. Filson Young's pretty volume, published by William Reeves, is a series of appreciations of music and musicians, as for example Tristan and Isolde, Bach's Organ Fugues, Mozart's Requiem, Tchaikowsky's Sixth Symphony, Charles Hallé's Camille Saint-Saëns, with a longer and more elaborate essay on Hector Berlioz. Mr. Young does not write in a critical vein, but he is a musical enthusiast, and he has set down very truthfully and charmingly the effect of certain works on a single mind. It is just this personality which makes his book interesting.

"THE OPPORTUNIST"

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of them. Among the worst of such cases—if one can be worse than another—is that of Mr. Hayne Blenheim, of "The Opportunist," by G. E. Mitton (Adam and Charles Black). This rising statesman, the inheritor of honourable traditions, and with everything to gain from straightforward loyalty, unlocked a ministerial despatch box, made use of the contents to turn out his own party from which he opportunely rattled, was rewarded by office in the new Cabinet, and left an unfortunate private secretary to lose his place as the only person to whom the betrayal of a Government secret could be brought home. That he also annexed the same private secretary's lady-love, the fascinating Vera Duncan, is less blameable, if blameable at all. Vera's heart, or rather fancy, was Hayne's before she proposed to the secretary, for the sake of getting any husband, if she could not have the one she wanted, and the love he subsequently made to the latter was so violent as to be, to say the least, embarrassing to any ordinary male. It is upon Vera, with her hysterics, her heart-seizures, her abnormal attenuation of figure (this is particularly insisted upon), her inordinate egotism, and her morbid quickness in reading the minds of others, that Mr. Mitton has concentrated an interest appealing to the gynæcologist rather than to the general reader. The latter, however, will find compensation in the portrait of Heather—the contrasted type of health in body, mind, and heart, who is left to more than console the private secretary, now the Editor of a great Daily and otherwise a wealthy man; while Vera's idiosyncrasies have culminated in hopeless lunacy, and Hayne's in the contemplation of a ruined career.

"THE CURSE OF THE SNAKE"

If your dying enemy requests you to undertake the care of a brass-bound box with a big black snake in it—Don't. That is the principal lesson to be learnt from Mr. Guy Boothby's new story (F. V. White and Co.), not that there are no others. A good fellow of a Queensland sugar planter was foolish enough to accept the trust from a man who had already tried to get him hanged on a false charge of murder, and the Snake turned out to be the devil himself, who consequently (though the logic is obscure) got hold of the sugar planter body and soul—though the destruction of his mad sweetheart by lightning (here again the logic seems to have a missing link) throws some doubt upon the matter as regards the soul. But for the body, the trustee has to wander about

with his possession, or rather his possessor, who seems to prey upon him in the manner of a vampire, and whose only comfort is to make an old acquaintance, casually met, the trustee, not, happily, of the Snake, but of his story.

"AS CESAR'S WIFE"

The romance of the life and death of King Ludwig the Second of Bavaria—more romantic from first to last than the invention of any novelist—has naturally occurred to Mrs. Aylmer Gowing as an effective basis for a story (John Long) otherwise saturated with the atmosphere of Oberammergau. She has not been judicious in bringing machinery of such an order to bear upon the temporary matrimonial troubles of a Queen's Counsel and his aggravatingly Griselda-like bride. It is like bringing down "a Donnerwetter," as Mrs. Gowing calls a thunderstorm, to annihilate a butterfly. But the machinery is interesting in itself, and interestingly managed.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE long spell of drought broke up on the 20th, and the four following days adding to that day's downfall the March deficit has in many districts been entirely wiped out. However, the distribution of the rainfall has been very irregular. Thus on the 22nd it rained in torrents for four hours in West Surrey, and an inch was registered at some stations. But although Boat Race Day in London was not wholly fine, the actual showers were light, and nobody would describe it as a wet day. Where barley sowing has been completed the rainfall is welcome, but farmers who still have barley to sow must now put off that work till the surface soil is a good deal drier than it is to-day. Oats may be sown at once, as they do not mind a sticky soil. The appearance of the autumn wheat is decidedly improved on the month, and it is now growing nicely. Autumn rye has been fed off to sheep in many places, and it came in most handily for that purpose. The meadows will soon be starting on their regular spring growth, but up to Lady Day it must be confessed that they look about as grey and unpromising as we have ever seen them. To the pastures, indeed, the rainy period from the 19th came in the nick of time. Lambing proceeds satisfactorily,

and the health of both ewes and lambs is much better than usual; it has, in fact, been a most healthy breeding season, though twin births have been by no means numerous. Many shepherds would demur to the "though," believing that twin lambs do not distinguish the best years.

EASTER IN MARCH

Now that Church schools, like Winchester and King's College, have broken with the ecclesiastical Easter, the ordinary layman may be forgiven for demurring to the amazing observance of a wholly fictitious moon. If the event which Christians desire to commemorate be identified with the year A.D. 29, the tragedy of Good Friday and the happy feast of Easter occurred on April 3 and 5. Why cannot the Church, then, make Good Friday April 3, or first Friday after, thereby giving us a fixed date? If the event follow the Jewish date of the 14th or 15th of the first month, Nisan, we have only to count April as Nisan, and keep Easter on the third Sunday of the month. The too early Easter is a great drawback. The country this year, for example, is practically still in its winter sleep, and the catkins on the willow, the leaves on the elder, and the leaf-buds on the horse chestnut are very poor substitutes for the "lisp of leaves" which a fortnight hence will bring to hedgerow, copse and orchard.

SPRING BIRDS

The wryneck comes from the 15th to the 25th of March, the smallest willow wren in the next ten days. The hirundines arrive from the 10th of April to the 30th, the first to come being the martin and the last the swift. The cuckoo is first heard by old gentlemen in the country on the calends of April, other listeners expect it about a fortnight later. The nightingale is generally here by April 24, but occasionally is heard a week before "St. Mark's Eve." The white-throat, the redstart, and the grasshopper lark should be here in a fortnight from now, but the fern owl and flycatcher not before May. White of Selborne in his long and observant life never knew a swallow come before March 28 or later than May 1. He never knew goslings hatched before March 29, or the firstborn come later than April 19. He never heard the cuckoo before April 7, and in the latest of years it was heard by the 26th. He seems to have seen a swift earlier than any other Englishman; April 13 would be regarded as an error by any other writer perhaps.

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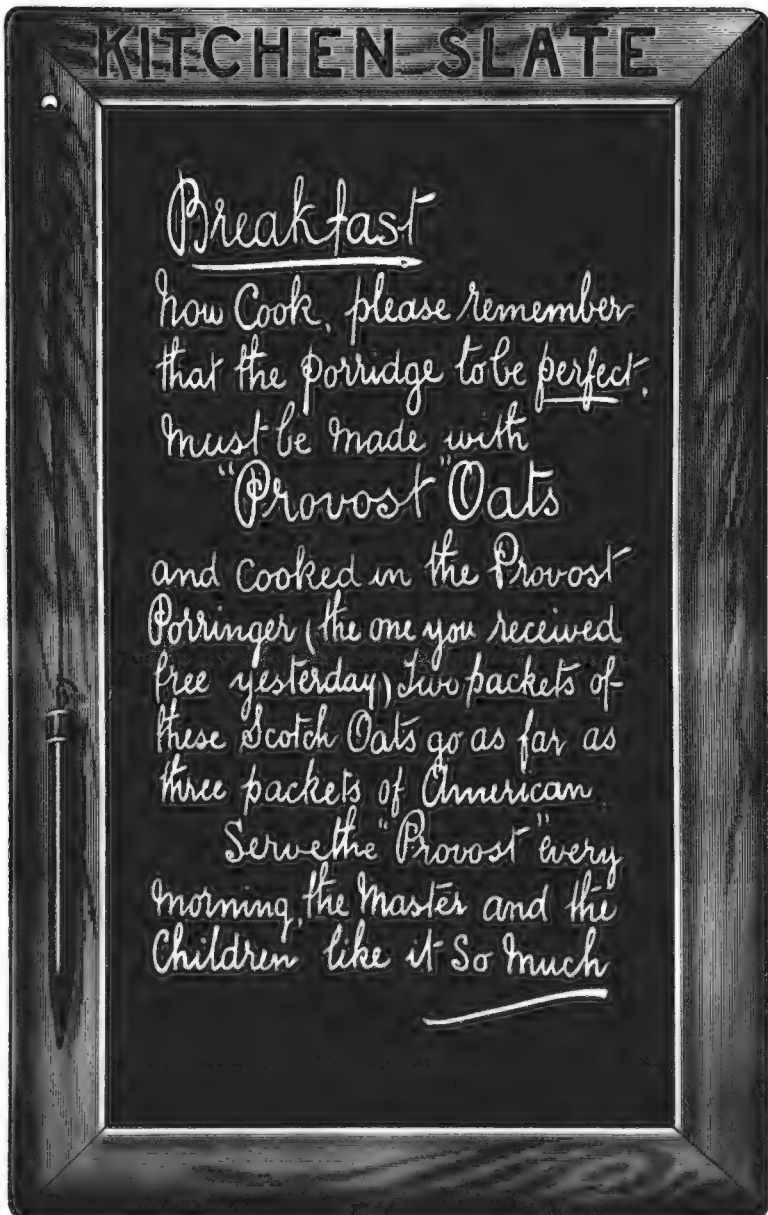
ASK FOR LAZENBY'S SAUCE.

Books of Reference

"BURDETT'S HOSPITALS AND CHARITIES" (The Scientific Press), the edition of which for 1902 has just been issued, has now reached the 13th year of publication and is justly looked upon as a standard work. Over two-thirds of the volume is devoted to a directory and complete guide to medical universities, colleges and schools, hospitals, dispensaries, convalescent homes, etc., while the rest of the work deals with statistics and to interesting chapters on "The Nursing Department and its Cost," "The Cost of Hospital Management," and other matters connected with the maintenance and management of hospitals. Coming to the question of finance we find that the expenditure of the 161 principal metropolitan, provincial and Irish hospitals during 1900 amounted to 1,875,220/.

as against 1,748,597/ in 1899. While the thirty-two principal hospitals with medical schools spent 954,797/ as compared with 855,623/. Details are given as to the cost per bed in various hospitals, the expenditure varying in London hospitals from 100/ to 40/. These same 161 hospitals had an income in 1900 of 1,877,648/ as against 1,892,640/ in 1899. The year 1900 was a bad one for the hospitals from the legacy point of view, the amount derived from that source being only 181,000/ as against 225,000/ in 1897, 228,000/ in 1898 and 269,000/ in 1899. "Kelly's Handbook to the Titled and Official Classes" (Kelly's Directories), the twenty-eighth annual edition of which is just issued, includes, in one general alphabetical index, the names of all those who have any definite position arising from hereditary rank—peers (with all their children) and baronets; from any

recognised title or Order conferred upon them by the Sovereign; from their position as members of Parliament; from any of higher grades of the diplomatic, legal, military, naval, clerical, or Colonial services of the State—ambassadors, judges, generals, admirals, surgeons-general, inspectors-general of hospitals and fleets; all bishops, deans and archdeacons of England and Wales, and governors of Colonies, and deputy-lieutenants and magistrates for counties of England and Wales, King's counsel, presidents and vice-presidents of learned societies, and the principal landowners and occupiers of country seats. The book contains 1,588 pages, and gives particulars of some 30,000 persons. Lists of the governors of India and the Colonies, the Houses of Parliament, and of ministers and consuls in London, and British ministers abroad add to the value of this very useful work of reference.



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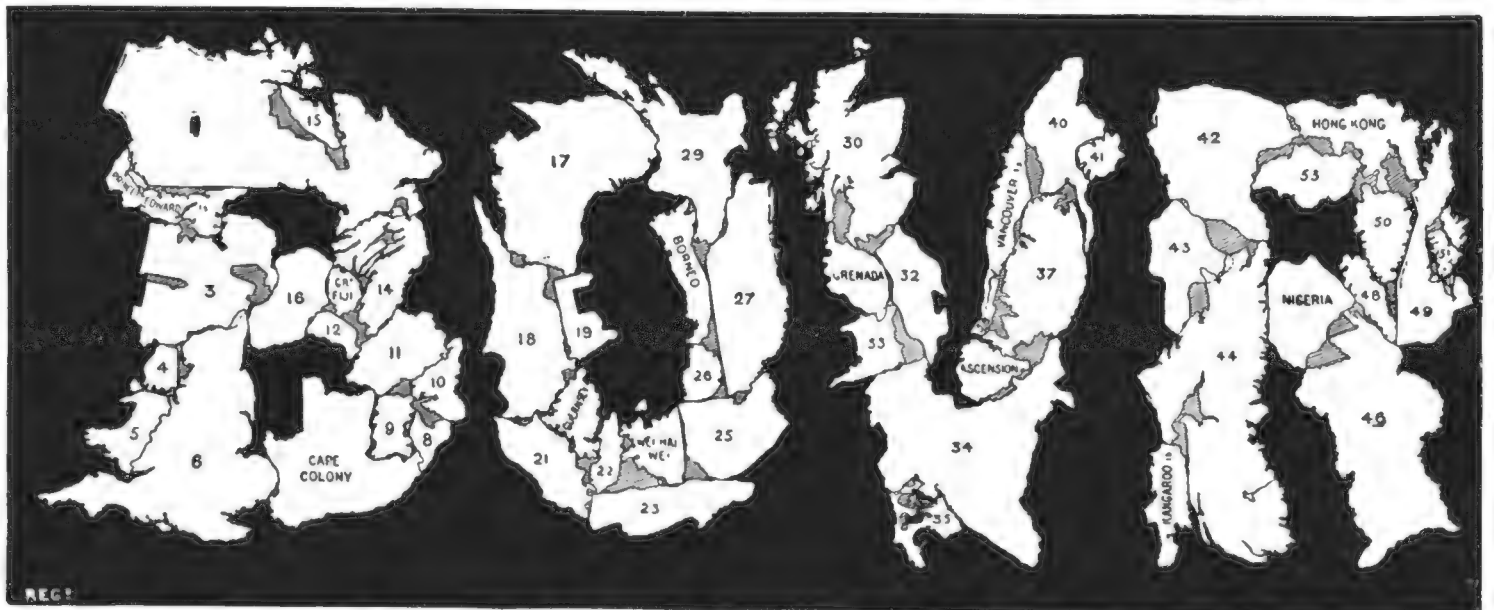
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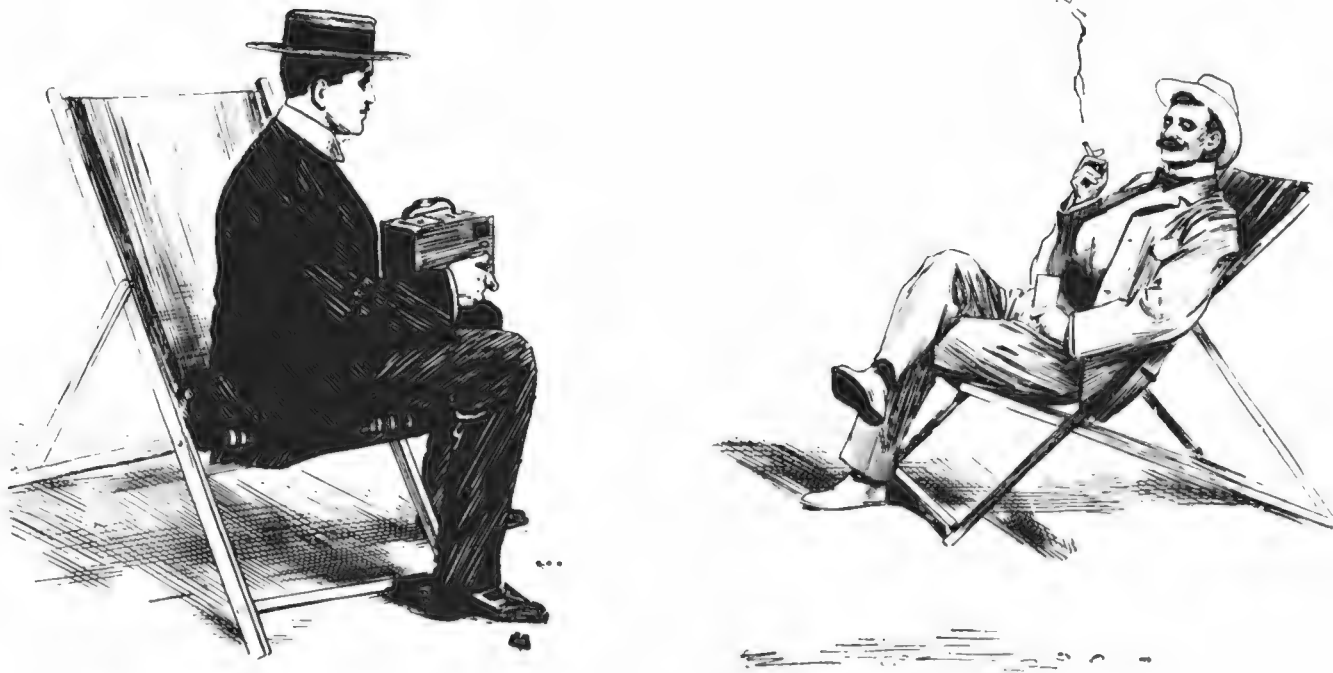
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A few of the names are filled in on this map. Different names will be found in other advertisements. The complete list will be published later on, both in newspaper announcements and in the maps on the hoardings.

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"The Musical Directory Annual and Almanack" (Rudall Carte and Co.), which this year celebrates its jubilee, contains well-arranged directories of professors and teachers of music, makers of musical instruments, music publishers in London and in the country, and summaries of the principal musical events of the year. The obituary notices include those of Jules Riviere, Dr. William Pole, Henry Russell, Verdi, Dr. Hopkins, Sir John Stainer, D'Oyly Carte, Charles Salaman, and Colonel Mapleson, all of whom have died since the last issue of the "Directory" a year ago. An excellent list is given of musical institutions, colleges and charities. — The sixth issue of "The Literary Year Book" (George Allen), which is edited by Mr. Herbert Morrah, is in many respects more complete than its predecessors. The directories of authors and artists, though they do not profess to be complete, are very useful, while

that of publishers is admirable in every way. Lists are also given of learned societies, agents, booksellers, clubs, Press-cutting agents. An interesting chapter is that on the "Year's Work, 1901," in which it is shown how the continuance of the war affects the production of books.

A FORMER non-commissioned officer in the Gordon Highlanders writes with reference to a recent "Topic Note" on night marching with convoys, saying:—"The usual, and I may say the general, reason for making night marches with convoys is this—that the oxen will not feed in the dark, and also that they can go much farther when working at night rather than in the heat of the day. As a rule in South Africa grazing, such as it is, is very scanty, and the animals require nearly all day, say nine a.m. to five p.m., to pick up sufficient for their sustenance.

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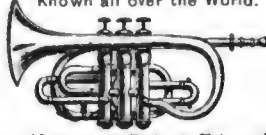
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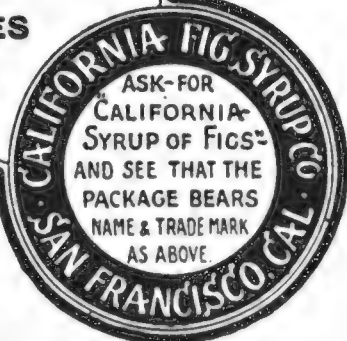
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HOLY WEEK AT JERUSALEM

ONCE every year Jerusalem—the Mecca of the Christian world—awakens to some semblance of its former glory. This is at Easter-tide, when the roads leading to the Holy City are all thronged with pilgrims who come from the uttermost parts of the earth—from Greece and Russia, from Egypt and Abyssinia, from every part of Europe and the United States—to spend the Holy Week at Jerusalem. The goal of all these pilgrims is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The present edifice consists of a great rotunda, which is open to Christians of all sects, but attached to its sides are a multitude of churches, chapels and shrines belonging



CHRISTIAN CHILDREN SOUNDING THE HOUR OF SERVICE ON GOOD FRIDAY BY MEANS OF RATTLES

THE ENTRANCE TO THE HOLY SEPULCHRE: RUSSIAN FRASANT PILGRIMS PROSTRATING THEMSELVES BEFORE ENTERING

PILGRIMS ON THE ROAD FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM



THE JEWS' WAILING PLACE

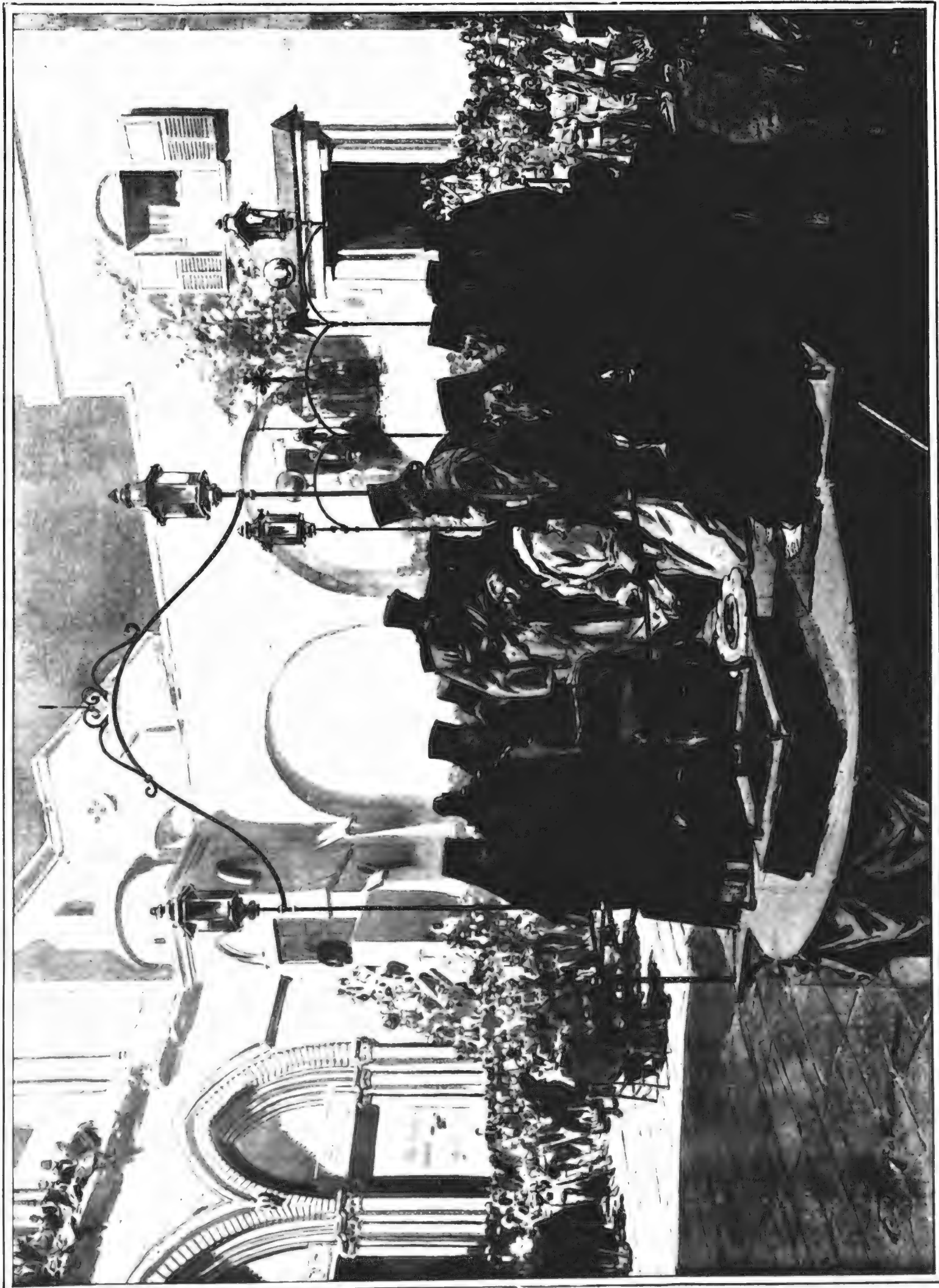
while the Mahomedan detests them both, and all unite in their contempt for the Jew. Quarrels are frequent, and in the city so closely identified with the life of Him who taught the doctrine of peace and goodwill on earth towards men, there is very little of either to be found. Every sect celebrates Easter in a different fashion, and many curious ceremonies are observed in the vicinity of the Holy Sepulchre at that season. One of the most interesting is that known as "The Adoration of the Column of Scourging," which is held in one of the Roman Catholic chapels. Here a broken pillar of red granite, believed by the credulous pilgrims to be the very pillar to which our Lord was bound when He was scourged, is exposed on an altar for the edification of the faithful. Amongst the Eastern Christians, especially the Russians, this relic is held in great veneration, and as it is only uncovered once a year, on Holy Thursday, the crowd to view it is immense, the people struggling and fighting for a foremost place, while the Turkish soldiers, whose duty it is to keep order in the sanctuary, use their long whips freely on men and women alike.



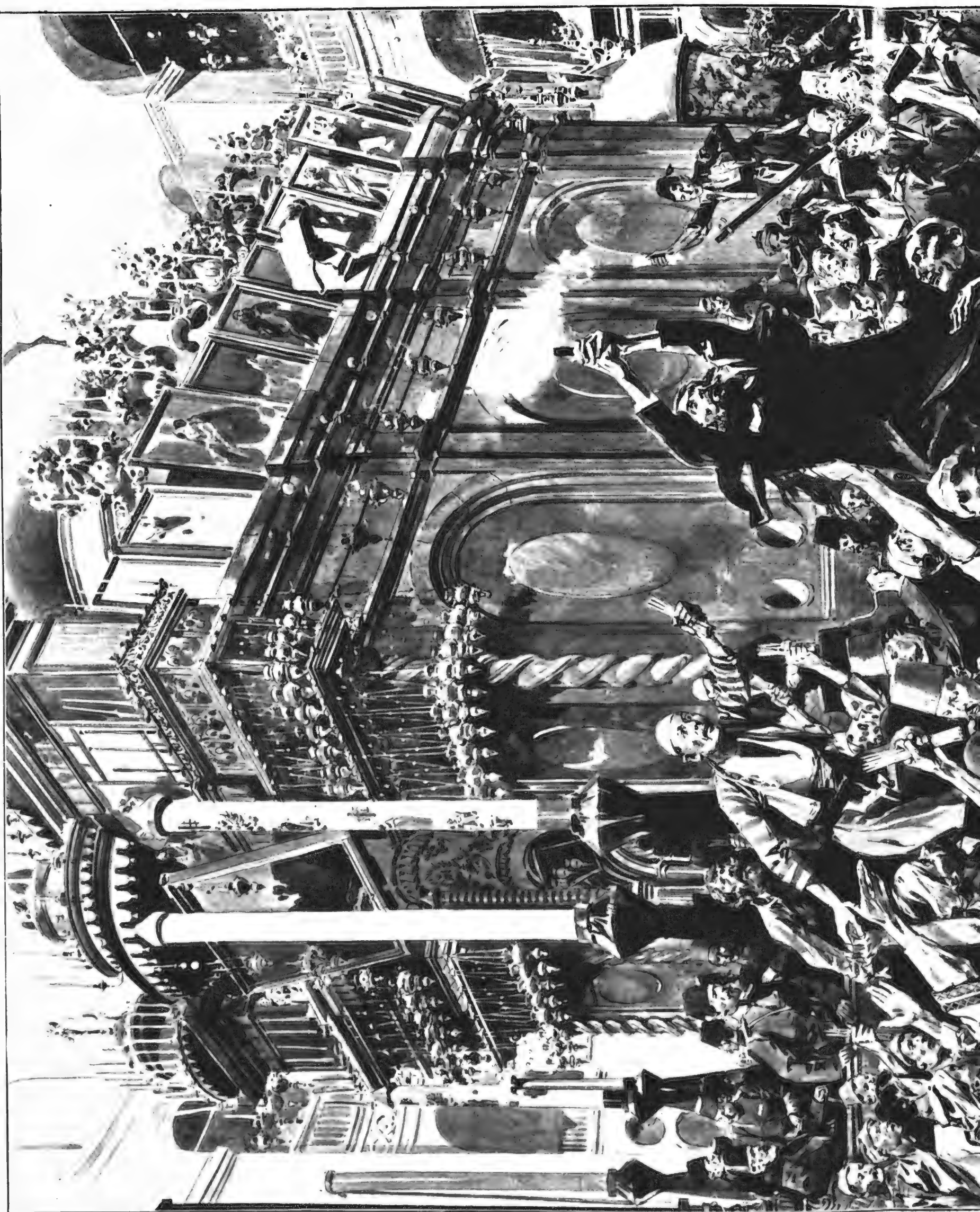
to the different creeds, in which are to be seen no less than thirty-seven "Holy Places" of more or less doubtful authenticity. In the centre of the rotunda stands the supposed tomb of our Lord, the Holy Sepulchre properly so called. It is a little square chapel, twenty-five feet in length and height, and is covered with ex-voto lamps, vases and images. Inside is the actual tombstone, a marble slab about five feet long, the chamber containing it being so small that only four or five persons at a time are able to kneel before the tomb.

Each creed has its special objects of veneration, and every sect regards the others as intruders. The Latin Christian dislikes the Greek orthodox and the Greek hates the Latin,

THE ADORATION OF THE COLUMN OF SCOURGING



EASTER EVE IN FRONT OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE: THE GREEK PATRIARCH WASHING THE FEET OF THE TWELVE OLDEST GREEK PRIESTS





EASTER EVE AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE: THE ARRIVAL OF THE SACRED FIRE

F. de Haan



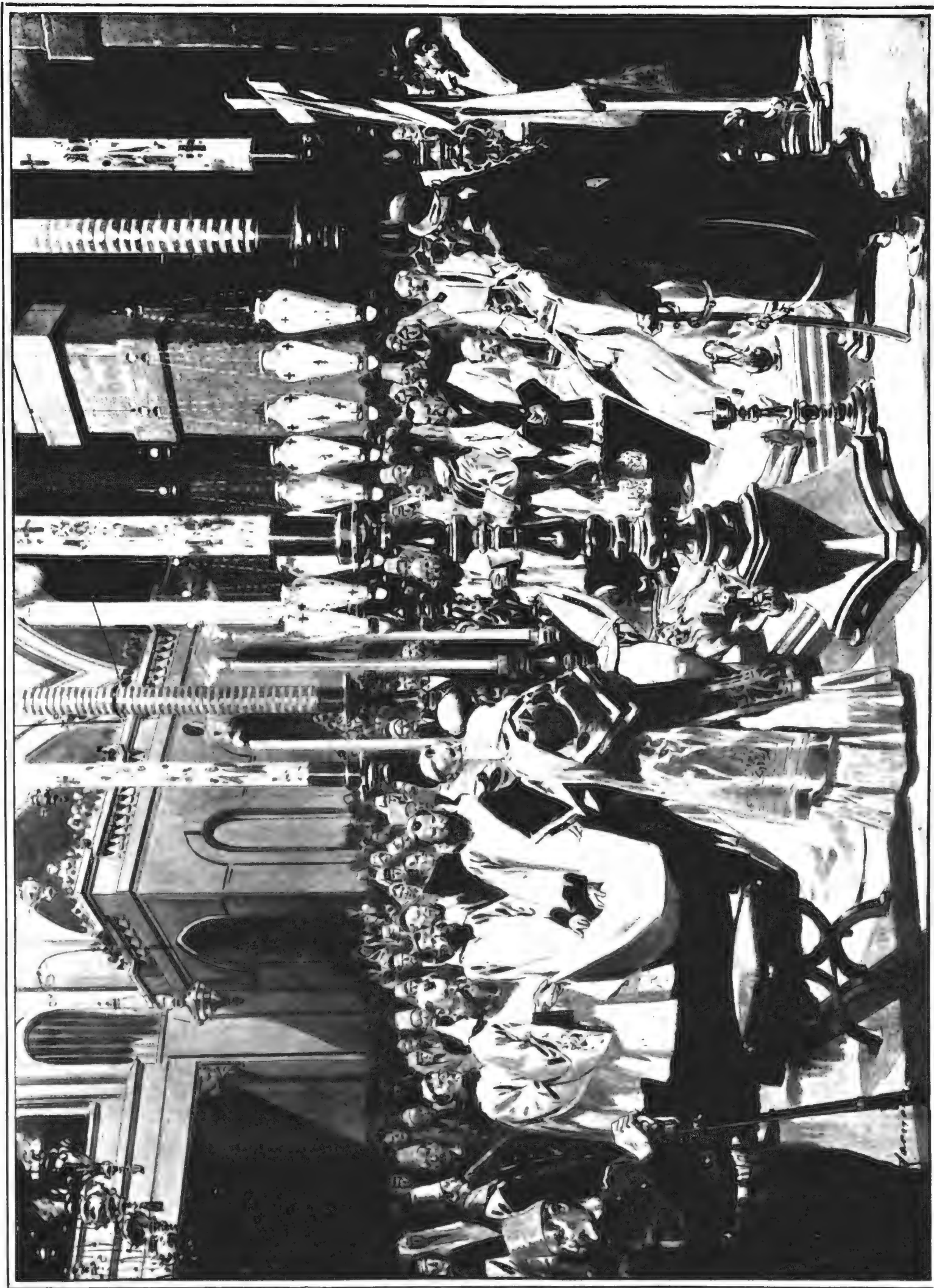
GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT IN FRONT OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE: AWAITING THE OPENING OF THE DOOR



ORTHODOX PILGRIMS AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE SACRED FIRE IN THE GALLERY SURROUNDING THE HOLY SEPULCHRE. THE CROWD IS SO GREAT THAT SOME OF THE PEOPLE FASTEN THEMSELVES TO THE RAILINGS, REMAINING IN THAT POSITION FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OR EVEN LONGER

Another spot which is held in great veneration is a block of redish marble, called "The Stone of Unction," and supposed by the faithful to be the stone on which our Lord's body was laid during the funeral ceremonies of anointing, though the slab was placed there as recently as 1818. In the adjoining chapel of Golgotha the altar is surmounted by a cross bearing a life-size figure of our Lord. Here every year, on Good Friday evening, the Latin priests go through the ceremony of the descent from the cross, the preparation of the body for the grave, and the burial in the tomb.

The ceremony of foot-washing is performed by two sects, by the Roman Catholics in their church, and by the Greeks in the open space before the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Here, on a platform especially constructed for the purpose, the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem washes the feet of the twelve oldest priests of his order every Easter Eve. Having done so, he proceeds with his higher clergy to the Holy Sepulchre, there to pray to God to send down the sacred fire to His believers. The ceremony connected with the "Holy Fire" takes place beneath the central dome, in and around the Holy Sepulchre. From Good Friday to Easter Eve this part of the edifice is closed. The people, however, who are already inside—and some come there two or three days in advance—are not expelled. According to ancient tradition, the sacred fire descends from Heaven into the Holy Sepulchre once every year, on the afternoon of Easter Eve, and this fire is supposed to cleanse the faithful from their sins. Everyone, therefore, who wishes to take part in this mysterious rite provides himself with a bundle of candles, which he will light from the sacred fire itself. The people, who belong exclusively to the Orthodox Greek Church, crowd the whole interior of the Rotunda and the great gallery overlooking the tomb, and as Easter Eve wears on they work themselves up into a state of intense excitement, calling upon the sacred fire to descend. At three o'clock in the afternoon a Greek priest, borne on the shoulders of several half-naked porters, makes his way through the crowd, and approaching one of the two holes in the wall of the tomb, thrusts a torch into the interior, where the Greek patriarch of Jerusalem and his chief clergy are at prayer. A moment later he withdraws it alight with the sacred fire—and is carried by the porters through the throng to the Greek chapel. An indescribable scene of disorder then takes place. The crowd, in a state of frenzy, rushes towards the priest to try to light a



THE CEREMONY AT THE "STONE OF UNCTION": ANOINTING THE EFFIGY OF OUR LORD

MOSQUE OF OMAR

VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES



candle at the sacred torch, and the vast edifice resounds with the cry, "The fire has come!" To protect the priest the Turkish soldiers are obliged to drive back the people with the butts of their guns, while the police keep them in order with the lash. The crowd follows the priest to the chapel to light their candles, and men and women burn themselves severely in attempting to carry away the sacred fire. The only persons who remain calm in this turmoil are the Governor of Jerusalem and his principal officers, who, seated on a raised dais, survey the scene with true Turkish imperturbability.

To the Mahomedans and Jews the most sacred spot in Jerusalem is the Temple, a vast enclosure nearly a mile in circumference. The principal building is the Dome of the Rock—often, though erroneously, termed the Mosque of Omar—which stands in the very centre of the Temple, and covers the sacred rock, whence, according to Moslem tradition, Mahomed ascended into Heaven. The point where the Jews gather is beneath the western and outer wall—known as "The Jews' Wailing Place." Here every afternoon, but especially on Fridays, numbers of Jews from all countries may be found swaying their bodies to and fro or pressing their foreheads against the stones, while with tears running down their cheeks they murmur Jeremiah's words of lamentation over the fall of Zion.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE: THE TREE UNDER WHICH JESUS WEPT

REFRESHMENT STALL IN FRONT OF THE VIRGIN'S TOMB

THE SPOT WHERE CHRIST WAS BETRAYED BY JUDAS

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